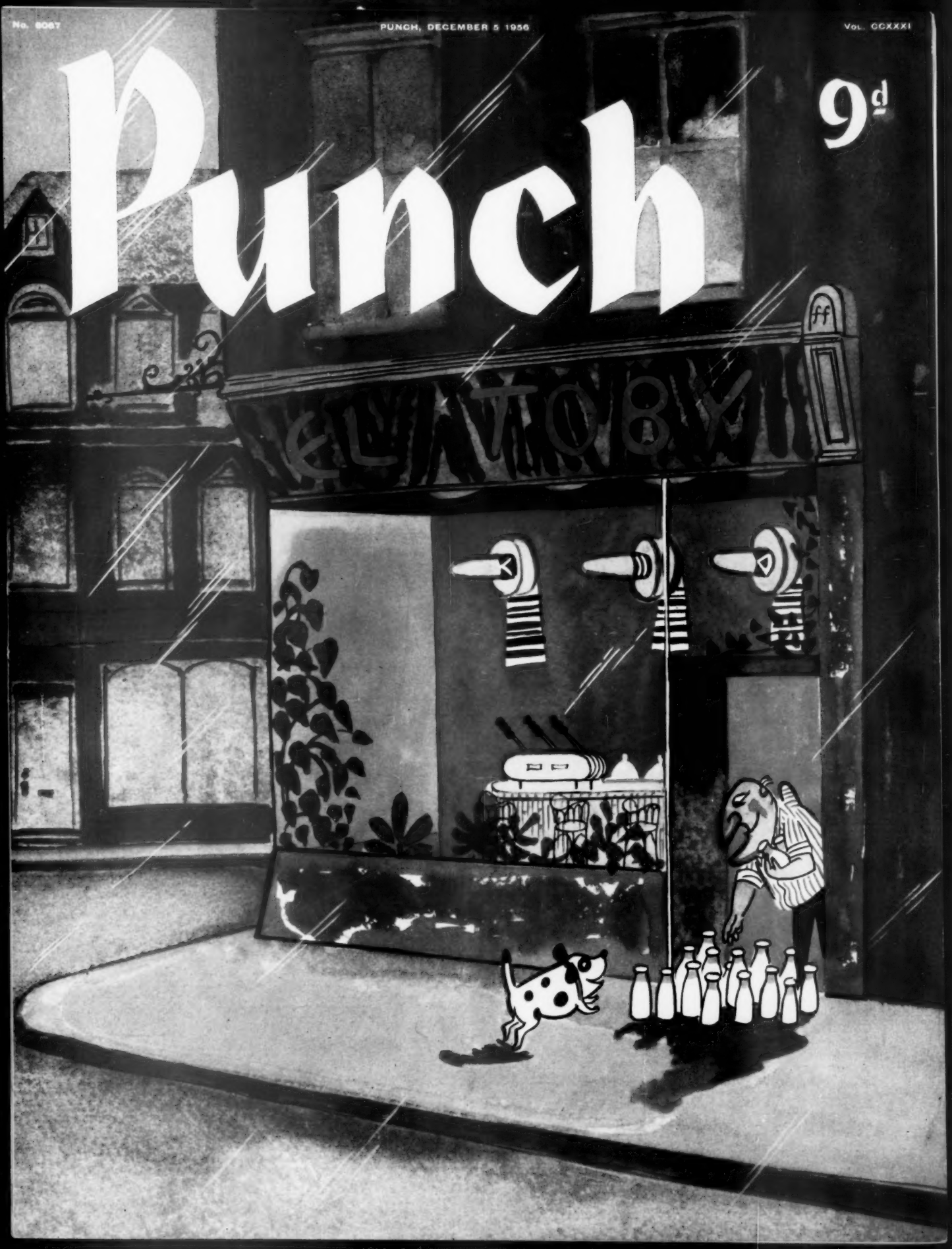
No. 6067 PUNCH, DECEMBER 5 1956 Vol. CCXXXI

Punch

9d



Variations on a favourite theme

each deliciously, unmistakably... **Tobler**

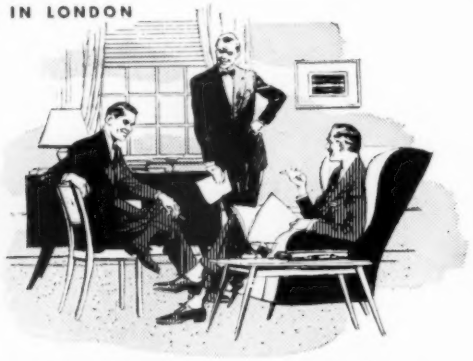


Take cherries and pineapples, almonds and walnuts, strawberries and honey and cream. Take the rarest, the finest, the sweetest of this world's confections and with them make Tobler Symphony—if you can. Tobler have their secrets and keep them. But the results are yours to enjoy in Tobler Symphony. Fifteen variations on a theme of sheer delight. Each deep in desert chocolate. Each deliciously different. Each a triumph of the confectioner's art.

ask for **Tobler** *Symphony* CHOCOLATES

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS TOBLERONE

STAYING IN LONDON



Setting for Cocktails or a Conference

Visitors to the Westbury needn't be chasing all over town. Your room is designed to provide a suitable background for business and social engagements. Private salons are available for cocktail party or conference. Eat superbly and in real comfort in the Restaurant.

Every room has a private bathroom and shower. Rates from £3.10.0. single, £6.0.0. double. (Special Winter terms from November 1st). There is no service charge. Phone Mayfair 7755 for reservations. Overseas cables Westburotl, London. *If you would like us to send a brochure, write Guest Service 21, The Westbury, Bond Street, London, W.1.*

the Westbury



A KNOTT HOTEL

THE LONDON HOTEL WITH A NEW CONCEPTION OF SERVICE

The LONGINES *Conquest Calendar*



pleases on sight: case magnificently styled, elegant dial of exclusive design with raised gold symbols and luminous dots. A small gold-framed window between the centre and the minutes' circle at 3 o'clock makes reading both quick and easy.

With LONGINES *Conquest*

this new model offers all the qualities of a first class watch, guaranteed by the enamel and gold seal inlaid into the back of the case: precision, automatic, waterproof, antimagnetic, shock-protected.

LONGINES

The World's Most Honoured Watch

Sole distributors:
BAUME & Co. Ltd.; 1 Hatton Garden, London

Making someone *VERY* happy



With the approach of Christmas, comes the annual problem of suitable gifts for the occasion - suitable both for the recipient and for our own pockets.

One of the arts of 'giving gracefully' is to pay a subtle compliment to the good taste of the recipient by making sure that what is given is the best of its kind. So often, cigarettes turn out to be the right gift for many of our friends and relatives, and here it is doubly important to give something above the 'average' standard. Something that shows you have been thoughtful in your choice wins extra appreciation.

When it comes to cigarettes, one name immediately comes to mind as standing for the best - State Express. For well over half a century, in every part of the world, State Express 555 have been recognised for the finest quality and it has become a tradition that State Express 555 and Christmas go together.

The complete range of State Express cigarettes available for Christmas Gifts is an impressive one and the prices are not high. Imagine the delight when parcels are opened on Christmas morning to reveal a handsome pack of 555! Undoubtedly, Christmas is the time for 'everything of the best' and nothing fits the occasion better than State Express.

TANKARDS IN REAL ENGLISH PEWTER



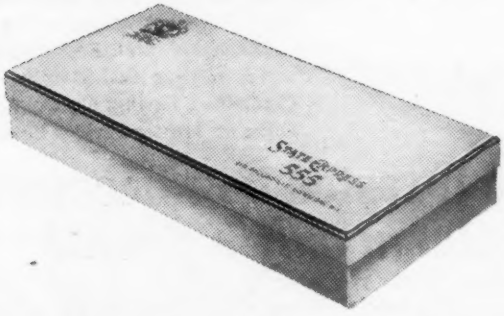
You can see these wonderful value tankards in all good tobacconists' windows now. They are made in Sheffield in the traditional hammered finish with a glass base, and each contains a round airtight tin of 50 State Express 555. An excellent gift for any male and highly appropriate to the festive season! The one-pint size costs 39/6d. and the ½ pint tankard 30/-.

THE 'DICKENS' JUG



In beautifully ornamented pottery, with characters from Dickens modelled in relief. Colourful and decorative and containing an airtight tin of 50 State Express 555 cigarettes - 29/6.

AN IMPRESSIVE CABINET FOR 32/-

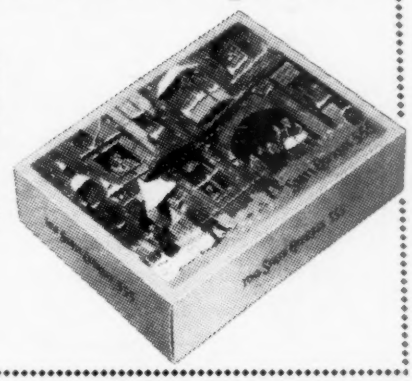


A really worthwhile present. This simple but elegant cabinet contains 150 State Express 555 cigarettes - truly inviting. It is finished with a gold design on the familiar primrose colour and costs 32/-.

Express your Greetings with State Express 555

One needs colour to do justice to this delightful greetings packing. There are two sizes, one containing 50 State Express 555, and the other 100. Each bears a beautifully coloured picture of a traditional Christmas scene of the England of former years.

50 - 10/5
100 - 20/10



WHERE TO GET STATE EXPRESS

These delightful presentation packings are stocked by all good tobacconists and stores. Why not ask to see the range of State Express gifts - amongst them you will find something to suit everyone. If you experience any difficulty please write to The House of State Express, 210, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

GIVE THE BEST FOR CHRISTMAS

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
STATE EXPRESS
CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS
ARDATH TOBACCO CO. LTD.

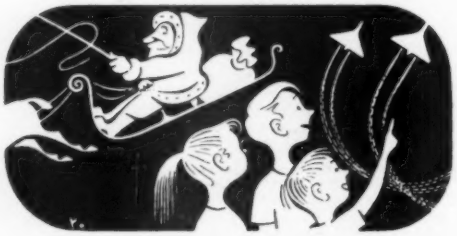
STATE EXPRESS
555

THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD

DECEMBER

The Custom of the Country

THE BRITISH have never shown any marked talent for conspiracy. The nationwide plot, whose object is to perpetuate a belief in Father Christmas, is conducted in most households in a manner at once dogged and half-hearted. Modern methods of heating render more implausible than ever his traditional means of ingress ; modern child-psychology harps on the dangers of too much make-believe. Yet we persist in going through the motions of this annual hoax, and would think of ourselves as traitors to tradition if we failed to do so. We do not, it is true, exert ourselves unduly to make Santa Claus seem real to his beneficiaries ; and perhaps that is why we detect in their acceptance of him a corresponding hint of the perfunctory. They are not exactly sceptical but they often seem rather incurious. Considering how interested they were when we told them there was a mouse in the bread-bin, they appear oddly indifferent to the announcement that there are reindeer on the roof. Never mind. Father Christmas has done his stuff, and so have we ; now they are doing theirs in (as far as we can remember) very much the same way that it was done, years and years ago, in our own nursery.



The Midland Bank also 'does its stuff', by providing a Gift Cheque Service for Christmas (and other special occasions). Any of the Bank's 2,130 branches will give you a colourful leaflet describing this unique service which is available to all, whether customers of the Bank or not.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE : POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2

The best ever **NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES** offer nearly 4¼% interest income tax free!

£150 tax free profit

There's never been an easier, surer, more profitable way of investing money than with this new tenth issue of Savings Certificates. Every 15/- unit grows to 20/- in only seven years (not ten years as with previous issues) and that is equivalent to nearly 4¼% income tax free interest, if held for the full period.

WORTH OVER 7¼% GROSS WHEN INCOME TAX IS PAID AT STANDARD RATE— worth even more to surtax payers. Here is the finest gilt-edged investment ever, for all the family.

MAXIMUM HOLDING 600 UNITS OF 15/-. These new Certificates are easy to buy, easy to hold, easy to cash. Take full advantage of this excellent opportunity right away.

You can obtain full information about these tenth issue Certificates from your stockbroker, banker or other professional adviser, and from your local Savings Committee, Savings Centre, Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank.

£450 invested now becomes £600 *in only 7 years!*

"WITHOUT DOUBT THE BEST SAVINGS CERTIFICATE FOR FORTY YEARS"
says Lord Mackintosh, Chairman of the National Savings Movement

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE · LONDON S.W.7.

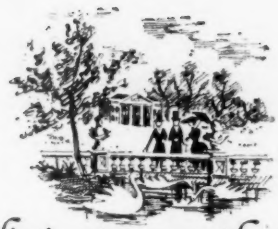
DEWAR'S

IS THE SCOTCH



—IT NEVER VARIES





A distinctive contribution to the art of gracious living



PLAYER'S

"PERFECTOS FINOS"

PERFECTOS FINOS 50's 15/6 100's 31/-
PERFECTOS No. 2 50's 12/6 100's 25/-

PP26

Rolstar Butane Lighter

NO FILLING—YOU LOAD IT!

The new trouble-free lighter at **35/-**



OFF WITH THE OLD
ON WITH THE NEW

The easiest refuelling system ever! To load, you unscrew the old tank and screw on the new—it takes seconds! Each tank has its own precision-made valve—no adjusting needed. Butane screw-on tank.

price **3/6**

HERE IT IS! The handsome new lighter that you *load* by simply screwing on a Butane tank. Then it lights and lights and *keeps on lighting*—literally *thousands* of times on one loading! The Rolstar Butane Lighter uses an entirely new version of an approved, trouble-free mechanism. By a simple one-handed action the spin-wheel ignites a controlled flow of Butane Gas released by the jet button. Beautifully compact in appearance, the Rolstar Butane Lighter costs only 35/-, *less than any other Butane lighter.*

✻ Idea! Give him a Rolstar Butane Lighter for Christmas and he won't need to load it again for months!

ROLSTAR, NORTH FELTHAM TRADING ESTATE, MIDDLESEX

By Appointment Queen Elizabeth II — *To Her Majesty Wine Merchants*

Make their Christmas Complete...

Give a case from HARVEYS

(of "Bristol Milk" fame)



Christmas 1956 will be truly 'complete' for your friends if you send them a case from Harveys of Bristol. All the wines in these cases are from the famous "Bristol Milk" cellars and their selection has been guided by the wine wisdom of 160 years. *Send now for the complete Christmas Case List, together with our illustrated brochure.*

***The Case for the Connoisseur* — £13. 13. 0**

PORT
The Directors' Bin,
very superior old tawny, dry
SHERRY
Bristol Dry, *very superior old Fino*
Bristol Cream, *choicest old full pale*
MADEIRA
Royal Solera,
superior pale medium rich
CLARET
Château Margaux 1950,
1st Growth, Margaux
WHITE BORDEAUX
Château Climens 1952, *Barsac*
RED BURGUNDY
Echezeaux, *Tastevinage* 1949
BEAUJOLAIS
Moulin à Vent,
Grand Clos de Rochegrés 1952
WHITE BURGUNDY
Beaune, *Clos des Mouches* 1953
HOCK
Eltviller Rheinberg 1953
CHAMPAGNE
Pirrot, *extra dry*
COGNAC
Denis Mounié, *Petit Champagne*,
Vintage 1926

CASE No. 1 for 40/-
1 bott. Falanda Sherry,
superior rich golden
1 bott. Brown Cap Port,
old tawny

CASE No. 3 for 50/6
1 bott. Fino Sherry,
light pale dry
1 bott. White Cap Port
old full tawny, dry
1 bott. Sauternes Supérieur

CASE No. 5 for 75/-
1 bott. Bristol Dry Sherry,
very superior old Fino
1 bott. The Directors' Bin Port,
very superior old tawny, dry
1 bott. Harvey's Réserve
Cuvée Champagne

THE "SPORTSMAN'S" CASE for 88/-*
1 bott. Select Shooting Sherry
full golden
1 bott. Hunting Port,
fine old tawny
1 bott. Golf Blend Scotch Whisky
"The 19th Hole" (25 u.p.)

** The charges include carriage and packing. Any case will be delivered to any address in Great Britain in time for Christmas, if the order is received by December 12th.*



JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD
Founded 1796
12 Denmark Street, Bristol, 1. *Bristol 2-7661*
London Retail Office:
40 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1. *TRAfalgar 4436.*

FOUR SQUARE — vintage stuff!



Pre-war pipes knew this tobacco!

No stalk, no jockeying along to false maturity, no artificial flavouring. Sagacious pipemen call each cool-smoking, lazy-burning blend 'vintage stuff'. Four Square is set apart from the crowd by its *quality*, not its price!

Clean out your pipe—in anticipation...

FOUR SQUARE



Vacuum packed tobacco in 1 and 2 oz. tins

6 VINTAGE BLENDS

RED ⁘ Original Matured Virginia	4/10½ oz.
BLUE ⁘ Original Mixture	4/10½ oz.
YELLOW ⁘ Cut Cake	4/6½ oz.
GREEN ⁘ Mixture	4/6½ oz.

Also **PURPLE** ⁘ *Curlies* 4/6½ oz.
BROWN ⁘ *Ripe Brown* 4/6½ oz.

Gift ideas for Sportsmen at Lillywhites



This illustration of indoor games is just one of the many gift suggestions for country and sporting folk to be found in Lillywhites Christmas book. Send for a copy now. We have an efficient Mail Order service to give prompt attention to your enquiries.

Lillywhites LTD

PICCADILLY, S.W.1 · EDINBURGH · BOURNEMOUTH



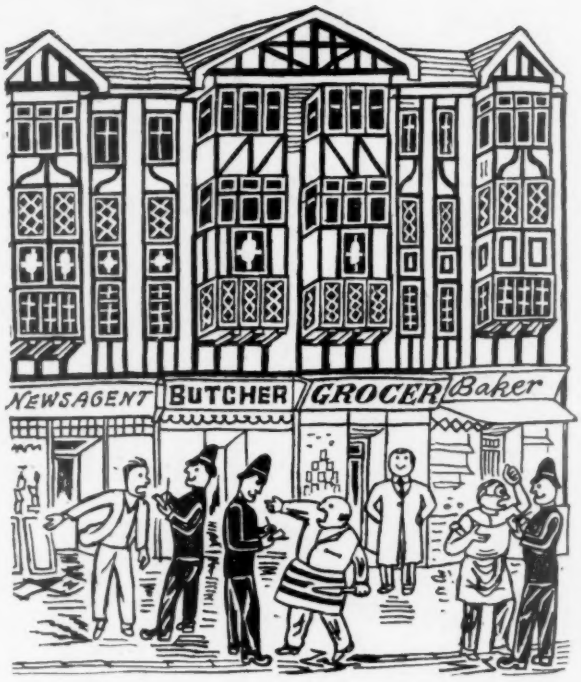
These will last as leather gloves **should** last

and so will the fit

Called **WELLINGTON** and made by Dents these are first-rate cape leather gloves which really *last*. Like all Dents gloves, they're made with "hidden fit." This means that they will stretch sideways, adjusting themselves to the shape of your hand, but they won't stretch the other way —beyond the ends of your fingers. Inside, the gloves are lined with pure, warm, comfortable Botany wool. This fine pair of gloves will cost you only 37/6.

37/6

DENTS WELLINGTON



Crime in the Suburbs

THESE Desirable Lock-up Shops with Flats Over were an outstandingly successful speculative venture of the early Nineteen Thirties. The expanding suburb of Hangman's Park brought great prosperity to the butcher, the baker, newsagent, and grocer who leased them.

Then disaster came. Within a month, the butcher, the baker *and* the newsagent were all burgled. Apart from the loss and mess (which clearly showed that the burglars had not appreciated the amenities of the district), the mocking smile of the rubicund grocer was insufferable.

But his explanation was as simple as it was satisfactory. Foreseeing what might happen some dark night, he had fitted a Chubb Castle Lock (which is inexpensive and well-nigh impenetrable) to his door. Since the three other shopkeepers followed his wise example, the prosperity and peace of Hangman's Park has not again been disturbed.

As crime in the suburbs is by no means uncommon, many shopkeepers and householders could profit from a visit to the nearest ironmonger displaying a Chubb sign, where a Castle Lock may be purchased for 37/6d. Those with stock or valuables requiring sterner security measures should write or telephone to Chubb & Son's Lock and Safe Co. Ltd., 175-176 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1. (MUSeum 5822).

DON'T LEAVE IT TO CHANCE — LEAVE IT TO CHUBB

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN TOILET SOAP MAKERS

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER TOILET SOAP MAKERS

Bronnley

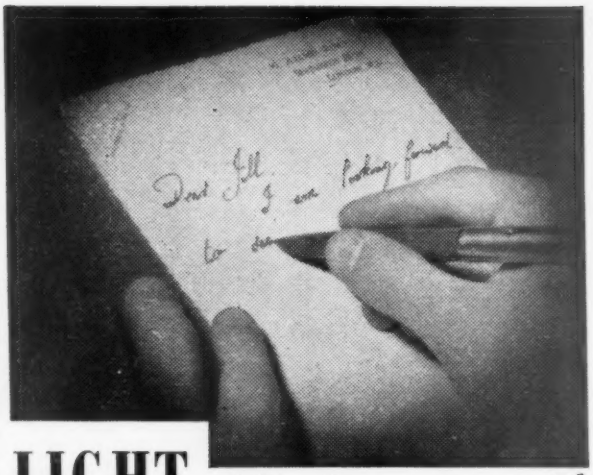
FINE SOAPS AND TOILET PREPARATIONS



Bronnley

FOR CHRISTMAS

H. BRONNLEY & CO. LTD., LONDON, W.5



LIGHT—right where you want it!



ANGLEPOISE lets you SEE what you're doing. A finger touch beams its light on the object, to "*stay put*" in any position. It never sags; needs only a 25 or 40 watt bulb. Perfect for close work — reading, writing, knitting, etc.

In Black, Cream or Cream-and-Gold, at electrical shops or stores, from 97/7 (or send for Booklet 7).

TERRY **Anglepoise** LAMP

Pat. all countries Regd.

Sole Makers:

HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD · Redditch · Worcs

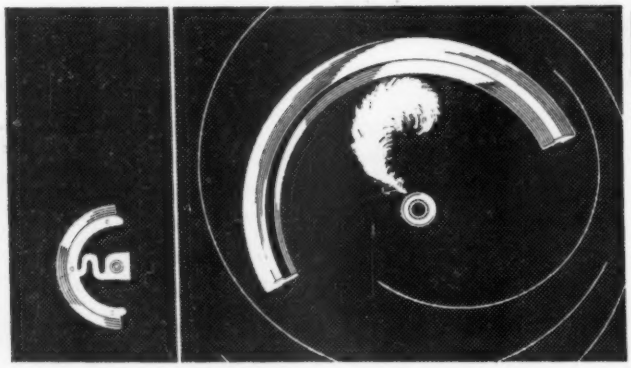
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MUMM'S THE WORD!

Cordon Rouge

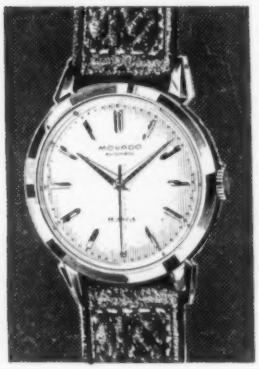


The très sec Champagne



As flexible as a feather...

The fine Movado model Automatic "431" is protected by the elastic "S"-shaped shock-resist device



What advantages! The new "431" is the only watch possessing them all:
The rotor centre, the vulnerable spot in the usual type of automatic watch, is protected against shocks by an elastic "S"-shaped arm. With its 28 jewels, the "431" has nothing to fear from wear and tear.
Its waterproof system "Transat" has successfully stood the test of crossing the Atlantic, immersed in sea water.

MOVADO Automatic "431"
Ref. 11191, steel. £ 35.17.6.

MOVADO

A complete series of official rating certificates with mention "results particularly good" show to what degree of precision the "431" can be regulated.

Glayva

Scotch Liqueur

Little glasses which hold a wealth of pleasure and satisfaction when filled with **Glayva** .....



RONALD MORRISON & CO. LTD., EDINBURGH

Top of the Tree...



for CHRISTMAS GIFTS

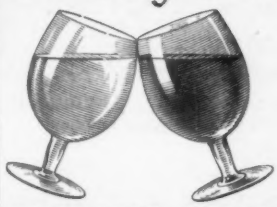
★ POCKET PRUNER 13/6
★ FLOWER GATHERER 20/-
★ SWORD SHEAR 40/-
★ HEDGING SHEAR 47/6
EDGING SHEAR 60/-
SWOE 40/-

★ *These fine tools are in gay Christmas wrappings for your tree.*

WILKINSON SWORD

WILKINSON SWORD LIMITED, LONDON, W.4

CINZANO *for us this Christmas... because both*

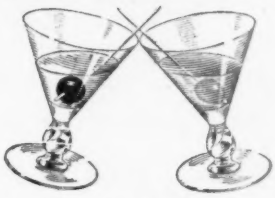


CINZANO BIANCO *and* **CINZANO DRY**

(from Italy) *(from France)*



are delicious on their own, or with soda — and



they both make such marvellous cocktails!

You may prefer the fascinating aromatic sweetness of CINZANO BIANCO (from Italy), or the distinction and character of CINZANO DRY (from France)—or, like so many people, you may like them both! In either case, one and the same big, inexpensive bottle gives you a delicious 'straight' drink (serve well chilled)—a long drink with a difference (top up with soda water) — and a cocktail ingredient of refreshing individuality. Just the thing for Christmas! Enjoy a new pleasure—try CINZANO *today*.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR VERMOUTH?

The wine called Vermouth owes its special character to the addition of extracts and infusions obtained from many fragrant herbs. Its quality, however, depends on the skill with which these ingredients are prepared and blended. The House of Cinzano has devoted 140 years to the perfecting of its Vermouths. While CINZANO BIANCO and CINZANO RED are produced in Italy, CINZANO DRY is made from French grapes, for these yield the best Dry Vermouth. *Cinzano is the only producer exporting Sweet Vermouth from Italy and Dry Vermouth from France.* So to enjoy Vermouth at its finest, just say CINZANO—BIANCO, or DRY, or RED.



Cinzano Bianco
17/6 *large-size bottle;* *half-size bottle* 9/3



Cinzano Dry French
18/- *large-size bottle;* *half-size bottle* 9/6

Cinzano Red Italian Vermouth
(Sweet)
17/6 *large-size bottle; half-size bottle* 9/3

CINZANO

Sole Importers for U.K. and N. Ireland:

GIORDANO LIMITED, 24-26 Charlotte Street, London, W.1

For your throat...

Allenburys PASTILLES

Made from Glycerine and Blackcurrants

In tins From all Chemists **1/9**



Made by Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, E.2

APS1



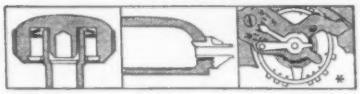
This particular Cyma

is NEW! It is the *navystar* watertight . . . yet slim and so elegant

It is one of the 60 CYMA 17-jewel models for Ladies and Gentlemen, from £15 in chrome/steel and from £25 to £85 in solid gold.

CYMA *navystar* —a masterpiece of Swiss craftsmanship. Its ultra-slim stainless steel case is so designed that faultless watertight sealing is achieved without the bulk usually associated with watertight watches. 17-jewel precision lever movement. Anti-magnetic, Anti-shock.* Price **£24.10.0**

Other watertight models from £21.2.6



A *unique* spring system, designed to counteract wear, permanently seals the winder.

The main sealing material, a *new* metal alloy, retains its elasticity.

*Cymaflex — the world - famous anti-shock device fully protects the balance staff.

CYMA

*ONLY Cyma watches have the Cymaflex anti-shock device — but every CYMA has it.

From Good Jewellers everywhere
Ask for the Cyma Catalogue.

Cyma for particular people

SEE HOW SLIM THIS WATERTIGHT WATCH IS



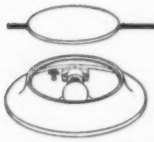
A GIFT TO DELIGHT THEIR EYES!

A R.E.A.L. Plinth on top of your T.V. Set makes televiewing supremely restful by banishing every trace of eyestrain without affecting the brightness of the picture in any way. What a thoughtful gift to offer to your televiewing friends . . . what a wise gift to present to your own home! The Plinth, too, provides a delightful decoration in any room, and a most economical way of illuminating halls, corridors and stairways—for it only uses a 15 watt lamp to supply an adequacy of subdued lighting for the purpose.

Finished in a choice of Pastel Cream; Gilt Lustre; Eggshell Black; Pastel Blue or Pastel Rose—and FOUR DELIGHTFUL NEW CONTEMPORARY COLOURS: Willow Green; Dove Grey; Cherry Red or Citron Yellow. Each Plinth with shockproof porcelain lampholder, heavy pressed glass diffusing plate and three yards of flexible cord.

THE R.E.A.L. PLINTH LIGHT

Pat. No. 659,876



The R.E.A.L. Standard Plinth Light 11½" dia. at base 36/9 Tax Paid



The R.E.A.L. Junior Plinth Light 6½" dia. at base 28/- Tax Paid

MOST GOOD ELECTRICAL AND RADIO STORES CAN SUPPLY

Issued by Rowlands Electrical Accessories Ltd., R.E.A.L. Works, BIRMINGHAM 18, ENGLAND



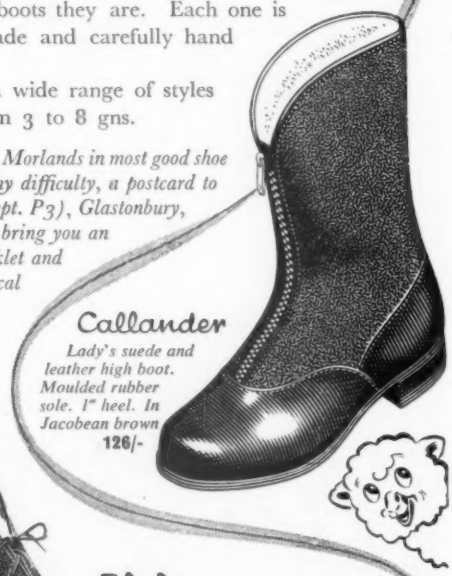
There's more to Morlands than comfort

FOR COLD DAYS in the country, for cold days in Town, Morlands are the best sheepskin-lined boots you can buy. They're lined with real, deep sheepskin from top to toe. And they give you more, far more, than any other boot in terms of comfort, long life and resistance to the weather.

You have only to look at Morlands to see what magnificent boots they are. Each one is craftsman-made and carefully hand finished.

There is a wide range of styles at prices from 3 to 8 gns.

You can buy Morlands in most good shoe shops. If in any difficulty, a postcard to Morlands (Dept. P3), Glastonbury, Somerset, will bring you an illustrated booklet and addresses of local stockists.



Callander
Lady's suede and leather high boot. Moulded rubber sole. 1" heel. In Jacobean brown **126/-**



Elgin
Lady's laced Town boot in fine suede. Leather sole. 1¾" heel. In black or brown **93/9**



Rosslyn
Man's suede zip casual. Crepe sole and golosh. In black or brown
97/6

Morlands

Sheepskin-lined Boots & Slippers

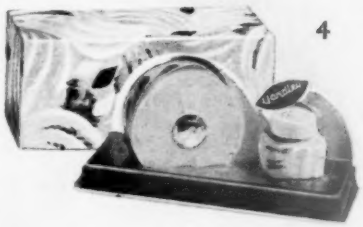
YARDLEY charms at Christmas

1 'Bond Street' perfume from 63/3 to 14/10
2 Men's gift cases from 56/3 to 11/-
3 Lavender gift cases from 101/6 to 14/-
4 Beauty gift cases from 41/3 to 11/6

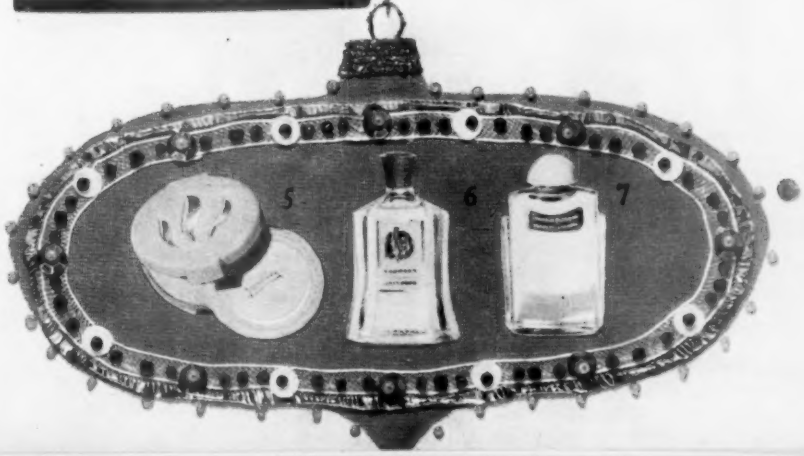








5 Feather Finish, the creamy powder compact, 9/3
6 Yardley Lavender from 45/- to 7/3
7 Freesia perfumed cologne 10/-





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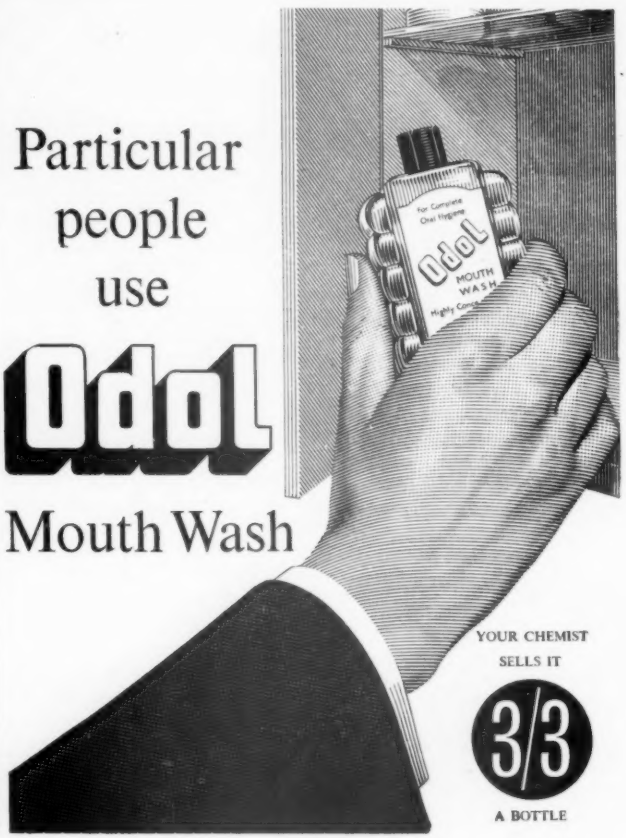
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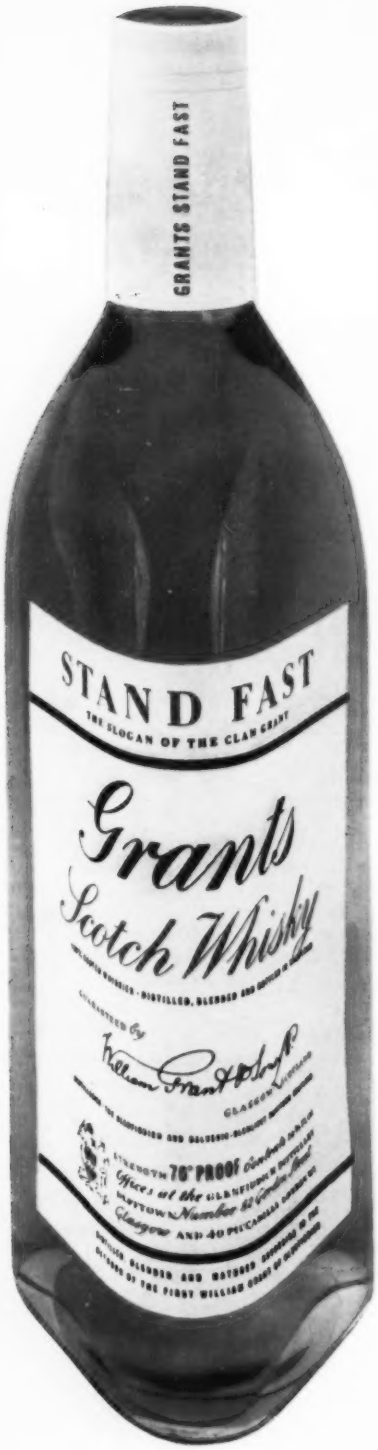
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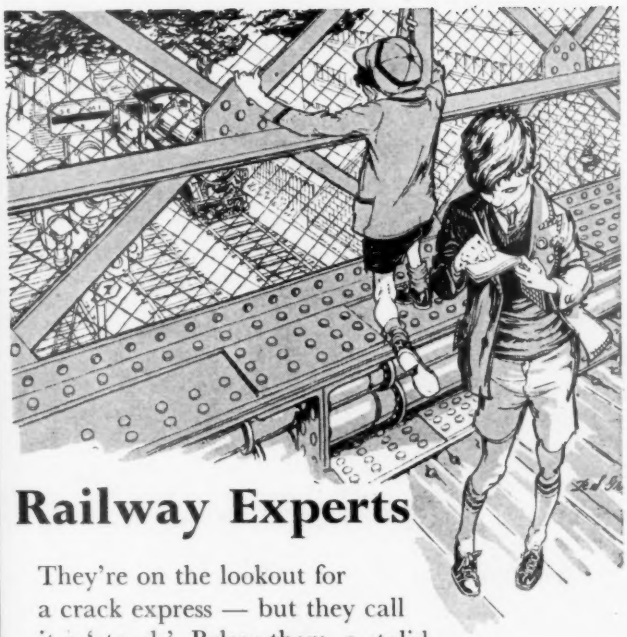
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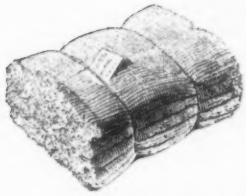
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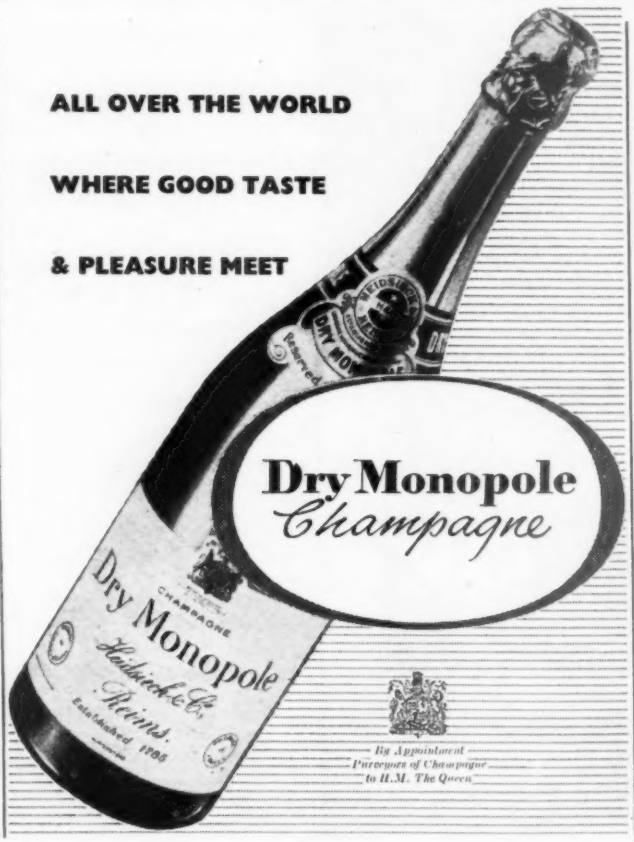
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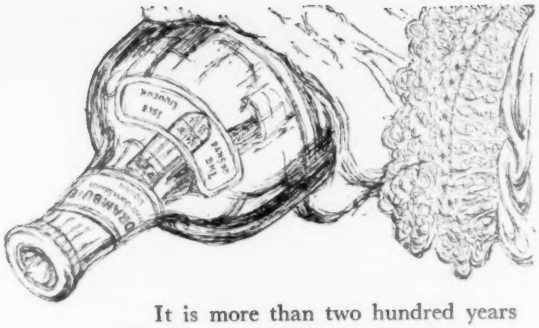
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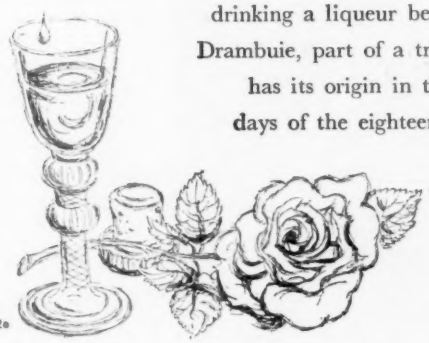
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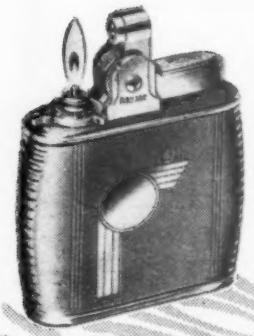
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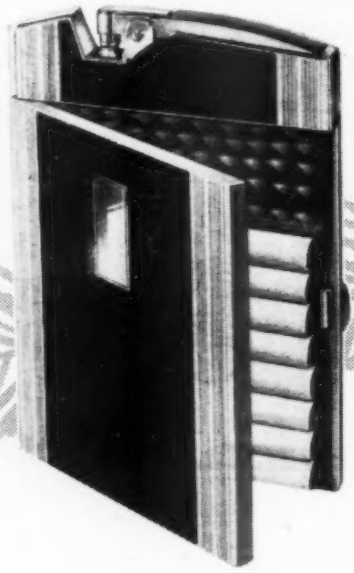
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Ronson Viking Gas Lighter —leader in butane gas lighter design—see the intriguing built-in jet flame control. Finished in satin chromium 65/-, or blue enamel and chromium 67/6... each with two Bu-tank refills.



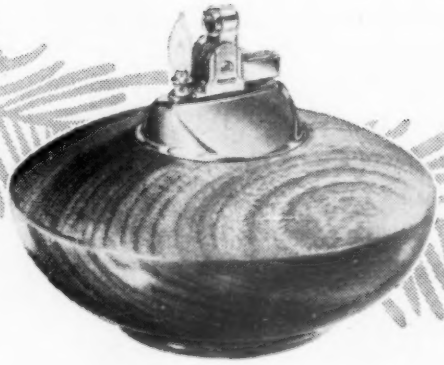
Ronson Monarch Lytacase—slender and elegant — beautifully finished — with Ronson precision lighting action. 8 gns.



For that special Christmas present give a RONSON

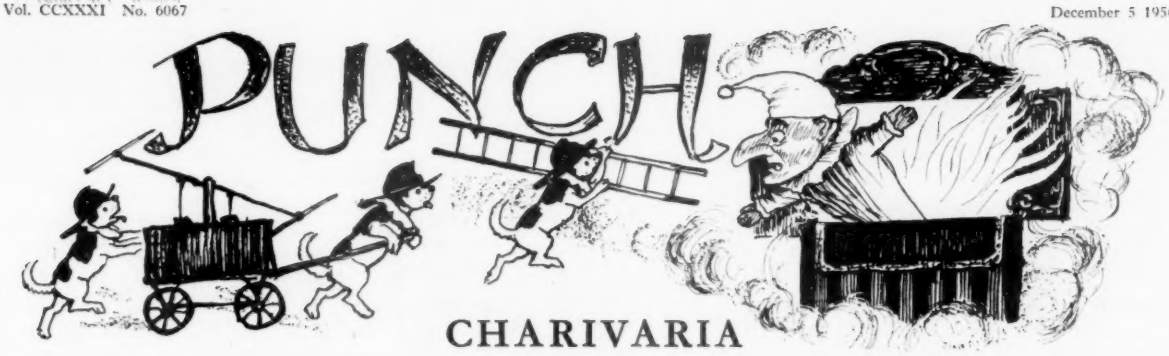


Ronson Minton Salmon—handpainted Minton porcelain with the world-famous Ronson lighting action. 5½ gns.



Ronson Richmond — contemporary design in polished walnut. 50/-.

Vol. CCXXXI No. 6067 December 5 1956



CHARIVARIA

SOME idea of the violent passions agitating the bosom of Mr. O. Smedley, chairman of the Cheap Food League, was to be got when he called members of the Egg Marketing Board "barnyard Nassers." Nevertheless, now is the time to make an early stand against adopting the name of Egypt's President as a vogue-word of abuse, otherwise the Press, Parliament and the Law Courts are soon going to be riddled with it. Magistrates will pin the "Nasser" label on jay-walking offenders and street betting agents; cries of "Nasser!" will replace those of "Oh" in *The Times* Parliamentary reports; and the newspapers, from leading article to sports page, will have everyone and everything so Nasserized with Nasserisms that children will run weeping to their mothers complaining of Nassering by the boy next door. Let Mr. O. Smedley himself beware. The Egg Marketing Board may come back any day, dubbing him the Nasser of the Society of Objectors to Compulsory Egg Marketing.

Topic of the Day

Wasn't it over-conscientious of the Ministry of Education to choose this moment to distribute the U.N.E.S.C.O.



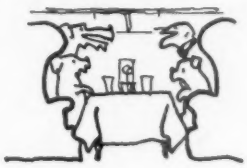
publication "Study Abroad," just when we are studying it as hard as we can?

Now Hear This

WESTERN disquiet at a pen-portrait of General Norstad, new C.-in-C. of N.A.T.O., which described him as "one of the quietest men living" and a self-effacing "basic introvert" whose "soft voice would make a sergeant-major howl in disgust," lasted right up to the remark he later came out with in an American magazine interview, about his plans being "based on the full and prompt use of atomic weapons."

Dogs, Women and Children First

PARDONABLY cashing in on the ill wind of the fuel shortage British Railways publicists have been hard at work lately, not least in spreading the



news, in Press Release No. 234/56, that revised charges for passengers' dogs, now imminent, "will remove most of the anomalies under the present scale . . . where the charges for dogs are higher than for passengers." It seems only fair to point out that, in this, they overlook the feeling among genuine dog-lovers that the old arrangement had things in truer perspective.

Fun Glut

READERS of the *Cleveland Press*, *Cleveland News* and *Cleveland Plain-Dealer*, the three Ohio newspapers which had been closed down by a strike since the beginning of November, were greatly relieved when publication started again last week and all three produced bumper issues bringing themselves up to date by including summaries of world events since the close-down and a précis of what had been missed in the comic strips. The only difficulty was to distinguish one from the other.

Advance by British Tanks

UNDER crisis conditions human behaviour often takes an unpredictable turn, but even psychologists were puzzled last week at the thought process prompting London driving school instructors, protesting against petrol shortage hardships, to drive in more than a hundred motor-cars to see Mr. Harold Watkinson at the House of Commons.

Rather Have the Money

THOUGH the Board of Inland Revenue's acceptance of the late Earl of Powis's van der Weyden painting in part payment of death duty may have made taxation history and excited the experts, the general tax-paying public only got a vague, instinctive satisfaction out of it, based on a suspicion that the Board had been ingeniously diddled out of eighty thousand pounds in hard cash. Overshadowing this was the firmer suspicion that when a painting ends up in the National Gallery, after being



bought from a private person by the National Land Fund and sold at once to the Treasury, it is pretty certain to have been paid for by the tax-payer anyway. Why, the tax-payers are said to be asking, should they pay the late Earl's estate duty? Would it not have been more truly democratic if the Land Fund, before making an offer for the picture, had asked them if they wanted it?

They Also Serve

THOSE who feel strongly about the future of British Railways have experienced some anxiety about the methods by which the present annual deficit of forty millions is to be wiped out by 1961 and replaced shortly afterwards by an

annual profit of fifty millions—as sketched out in the Ministry of Transport's recent White Paper. Reading on, the methods become clear. One hundred and seventy-four Diesel locomotives are to be delivered next year, with further deliveries in the next five, and the absence of oil to run them will provide the necessary cuts in fuel expenditure to produce the economies outlined.

Waiting for a Ray

AN Admiralty announcement speaks with pardonable pride of a newly-perfected underwater flood-lamp, proved by exhaustive tests to increase tremendously the scope of underwater television, photography, diving and salvage work. It is understood that an approach is being made to U.N. for permission to switch it on.

War Footing

PRESS officers at the War Office have lately had their busiest time for some years, and it is characteristic of the unruffled quasi-military mind that they included in recent handouts a communiqué headed "The Princess Royal Promoted to General."

Boy, Does She Take Silk!

MISS HEILBRON's appointment as Recorder of Burnley swiftly evoked the front-page headline "ROSE, Q.C." and thus for the first time bestowed the popular accolade of Christian name on a high legal officer. The judiciary has at last drawn level with show business and professional sport, and in no time at all the Lords of Appeal will be Bert, Fred and Ron to everybody. Meanwhile, Miss Heilbron's fans will mob her at the Assizes and she will be smuggled out of courthouse back doors with her wig in tatters while hundreds scream "We want Rosie" at the front,



"By a majority, the Supreme Presidium votes you take more water with it in future."

and only an occasional shrewd operator will be able to get close enough to shout in her ear and ask her to open a new chain-store grocery with a brief marked five hundred guineas.

All Hands to the Pumps

MR. AUBREY JONES, who has rocketed to fame on the petrol crisis with a speed which even his appearances in television discussion programmes failed to equal, is going about the country with bland words, and said at Birmingham last week, of the rationing proposals, "I think that most people have taken it in the right spirit." This is not strictly true. Most people have taken it in any spirit they can get.

Wide World

STUDENTS of African affairs, and particularly of that continent's emerging socio-political structure, are still trying to evaluate the recent appointment as head of immigration in Rhodesia of a Mr. Benjamin Disraeli Goldberg, an Irishman from Dublin.

M.O. to P.M.G. to P.R.O.

WHAT a wonderful thrill
To have dear old Charles Hill
Presenting the Government's views!
But he mustn't be pained
If it's sometimes complained
That Conservatives doctor the news.

Eden's Hours

By H*N*Y W*DSW*RTH L*NGF*LL*W

Conservatives in Walsall South Division are being asked by their agent, Mr. James Salt, to give up an hour's leisure every week to party work. He has called it "Eden's Hour."

BETWEEN the light and the black-out,
When the concrete lamp-posts lower,
There comes to the Tories of Walsall
What is known as "Eden's hour."

I hear as I sit by the window
A patter of Tory feet,
A little before they are open,
And the voices down the street.

They knock on the doors of the houses,
Each one with a rat-a-tat-tat,
And explain what the Government wished for
Was something other than that.

They buttonhole Walsall voters,
And tell them, as pal to pal,
Of the Government's firm intention
To keep open the Suez Canal.

They buttonhole Walsall voters,
And tell them, as friend to friend,
That Mr. Salt is quite certain
It will all come right in the end.

The question was how to get in there
And now it is how to get out,
And they try to fathom the puzzle
And guess what it's all about.

A whisper and then a silence
And a tiny startled sigh,
As they wonder what next is coming
On the news from Goldeneye.

C. H.



IKE'S DRUM

Ike is in his bunker and three thousand miles away
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)



Be an F.R.S.!

By CLAUD COCKBURN

AT a moment when some seem to deem our over-all situation, what might be termed the general picture, to be more or less advantageous than do others, it is well worth while to recall the fact—and it is only one among many—that whereas we, for example, can at once see whether what we have here is an order to dig a hole or merely a permit to do so, the Mongolians, to take a case in point, cannot.

As everyone interested in their written language—and which of us here to-day isn't more or less keenly so?—knows full well, they have just the one character, or ideograph, meaning "to cause (or permit) to bore (or drill) a hole." I wouldn't call them crazy, but mixed up they certainly must be, more so than we are, putting us that much ahead of the game, particularly in the spheres of carpentry and street repair.

And now, as our cruise continues, another, possibly rather less significant, aspect of the situation looms suddenly in view, and we note with pleased interest, and at no extra charge for the side-trip, that this same rugged character (in the ideographic sense of the word) is pretty much identical with the one meaning "science," which brings us very near the heart and centre of this workaday world of ours.

(The only difference is that the jerky line meaning, still in Mongolian, "science" is about $\frac{1}{4}''$ *shorter* than the one about the hole. It trickles along just like the other for a while, then makes a small skip and ends up with a queer little semi-circular number which is at once baffling and suggestive.)

It is sufficiently obvious—and Sir Edward Appleton, who is transmitting these Reith lectures about "science" over the B.B.C., and Mr. Percy Cudlipp, whom I can see over there on the far side of the arena settling well down to editing this new magazine called *New Science*, would have been thoroughly well advised to take the thought into account—that in the Mongolian mind there is a connection between science and the causing, or permitting, of hole-drilling. Mention science to a Mongolian and he thinks of a hole in the ground.

It is not a progressive or even wholesome attitude of mind, but it is one which cannot be ignored. Little, nowadays, esteemed *littérateur* Richard Le Gallienne, for one, had it. Writing of ex-genius George Meredith he said that a scientist is a poet "gone wrong," or some rot to that general effect. All nonsense, of course, but we shall not cure this condition by shutting a blind eye to the telescope and burying our head in the sand, you know. We have to face the fact that, according to some sort of a poll, 13 per cent of the pop., on hearing this Appleton, knight, appealing for more and more scientists—appealing, in effect, to people to take immediate steps to *become* scientists—came out in a very slight sweat. Twenty-six per cent cried "Huzzah! Jolly good stuff, Sir E., knight! Meet you behind the Lab!" Fearing reprisals, others answered "Well, yes and no, actually."

Absolutely right, and we must all agree unreservedly, except just to say that—not rightly or wrongly, but wrongly, yet still, nevertheless—what the thought of a whole lot more scientists gives a whole lot of people is the willies.

Painstaking inquiry by a team of investigators, who have gone right into the homes of these people and seen the very, very human conditions under which some of them are living, discloses that what seems to be biting them is not so much the idea of scientists as such—several admitted that many of their best friends were scientists—but the fear that

any relaxation of the regulations might permit an infiltration of undesirable elements.

It has not been forgotten here—some of our friends in the United States seem to have rather shorter memories, though of course there has been a lot of exaggeration—that when the people of Athens were going through a very difficult period, standing alone against hordes and trying to do democracy at the same time, scientist Democritus saw fit to state that "according to convention there is a sweet and a bitter, and a hot and a cold, and according to convention there is colour. In truth, there are atoms and a void."

It was pretty generally felt that, as our French friends, who really have been simply splendid throughout, would say, he had "missed an excellent opportunity to keep his mouth shut."

It has been forcefully argued that Democritus was not a "typical" scientist, and it is known that many Greek scientists with a lot more on the ball than D. but without his itch for publicity, deliberately refrained from making this kind of statement at the time because they knew it to be unhelpful. As a result of this attitude on the part of decent physicists and such, people who had been scared by Democritus gradually came to lose their fear of scientists, and to realize that for every one of them shouting about voids, there were five working on a constructive plan for sewage disposal at the Piræus.

There are, indeed, those who claim that scientists would have been in optimum odour from then on had it not been for Sir Francis Bacon. And there is a modicum of justice in the claim.

One is not of course referring to his private life, nor even to the part—to say the least of it equivocal—which he played in the Who Wrote Shakespeare row, but rather to the fact that to the general (and admittedly uninstructed) public he gave the impression of being a flibbertigibbet—as, for instance, in his absurdly misleading views on the laws of aerial flight. Here was a man ostensibly talking about aeroplanes, but when you look at what he said—stuff about the "weight in the nose" and so on—you can see that all you could construct from his specifications would be a paper dart.

The same frivolous-looking, "just-ladle-in-the-hydrogen-and-see-what-happens" attitude, a reputation for which has done scientists so much harm, was apparent in Bacon's shot at inventing deep freeze. There he was in a snowdrift at the bottom of Highgate Hill, and he got this idea that if you stuffed a hen with snow it might be preserved as well as if preserved in salt. He had the element of a truth there, of course. But instead of thinking it over quietly, he jumps out of the cab, buys a hen from a woman who had a chicken-run there, messes about in the snow, stuffing it, and drives home with the thing dripping on to his lap. Naturally he caught a chill and it killed him. That wasn't the scientific spirit, that was irresponsibility.

And, what's more, it was infectious, and you got a man like Edmund Wyld, who lived in Bloomsbury and probably did more to bring both science and that quarter of London into disrepute with the British public than any man before or since. Anyone who has ever appealed for funds to establish a new foundation for British nuclear research knows that there is always somebody in the audience who says "Surely we don't want to have a lot of Edmund Wylds fooling with the fission"—and that's how other nations take the lead.

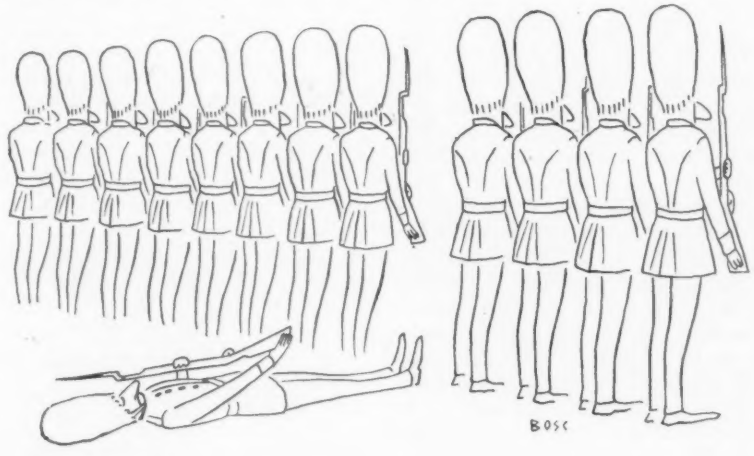
As is the case with so many scientists, nutrition was one of the things Wyld was on about, and he used to bet people that, given six months, he could prepare a bed of soil which would produce wheat without any seeds being sown in it. Nobody actually took him on, but the extravagance of the claim did nothing to affirm people's faith in scientists as a responsible body of men.

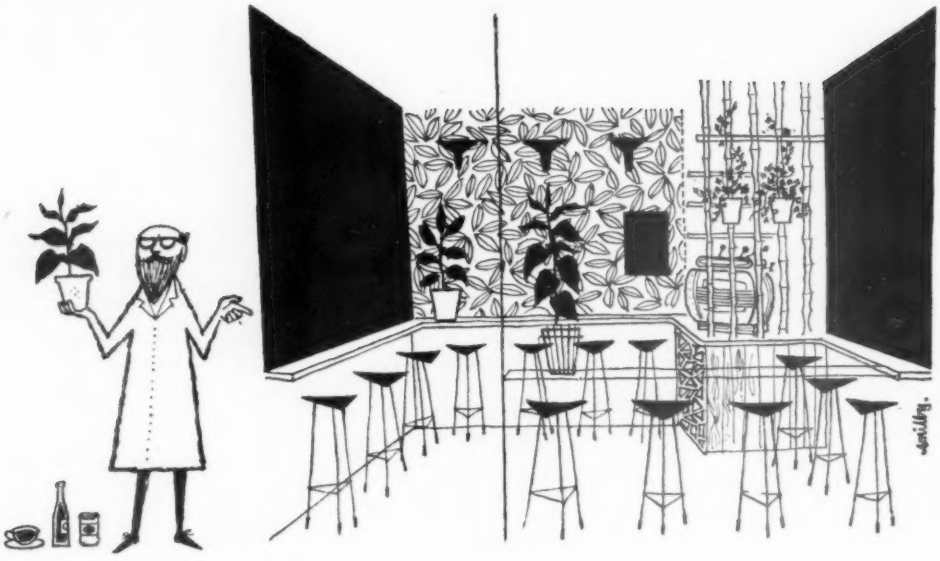
According to John Aubrey, who was a friend of Wyld and sponged on him for years, after the Great Fire of London "somebody" (an unknown scientist, it was supposed) poked a hole in the coffin of, of all people, John Colet, famous, long defunct Dean of St. Paul's. Hearing of this episode, Wyld, and a maker of scientific instruments named Randolph Greatorex, first started to dabble in the embalming fluid and then, in what was at once seen as a typical "spirit of scientific inquiry," probed with "a stick which they thrust into a chinke." They reported that the body "felt like boyld Brawne."

Well, one means to say, honestly, I ask you. Nor is it, one rather surmises, at all the sort of caper Sir Edward Appleton would get up to, even should opportunity arise.

Another disadvantage scientists labour under when it comes to getting public acclaim and a rush to join their ranks is that so many of the things they boast most about tend to seem rather old hat—like the circulation of the blood, and sex, and so on. A man, however able and charming in other respects, can hardly expect to dine out indefinitely nowadays simply on the news that he just made a hydrogen bomb in his bedroom.

In the circumstances, and realizing that unless more of the lads offer their services to the cause everything is going to grind to a standstill and you won't be able to get so much as a simple fission done without going over to Hamburg for it, everyone cannot but see that what Appleton and Cudlipp are is, to say the least of it, indeed timely.





Coffee-Bar Theory and Practice

By B. A. YOUNG

"What you must ask yourself when you open a coffee-bar is this: who am I doing harm to?"—Freud

NOW that we have reached the stage when virtually the entire population of these islands goes in hourly danger of opening a coffee-bar, a few pointers on how to avoid the grosser errors may not be out of place. The following observations are the result of an intensive study of coffee-bar methods in localities as varied as Pimlico, Berkeley Square, and Bath.

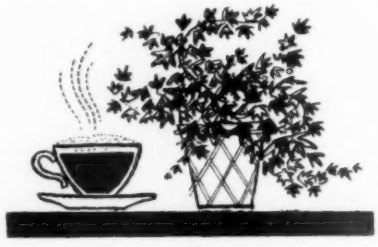
General Considerations

It is vital to remember, when considering the establishment of a coffee-bar, that these places do not exist, as public houses do, to minister to a public demand. Most of the customers, left to themselves, would never drink coffee at all, and indeed never did so until three or four years ago. What coffee-bars do exist for is to express the personality of the proprietor. It is therefore of minor importance to obtain a good position, comfortable premises or an efficient staff. The important decisions are the design of the shop-front, the style of interior decoration and the number of your friends who can be prevailed on, for two shillings an hour and unlimited coffee, to come and wash up in your kitchen. Until these matters have been decided, no other steps should be taken.

In deciding them, it is quite unnecessary to think about the financial aspect. All coffee-bars make money. Whether or not they show a profit depends entirely on the amount the proprietor (and the staff, if unchecked) takes from the till for pocket-money.

Décor

The decoration of a coffee-bar is as formal as the rites of the Church of England. The necessary constituents are the indiarubber plant (*Ficus elastica*); the onion (*Allium cepa*); the bamboo; and the fish-net. It is a curious natural law that, in whatever way these elements are deployed about a room, the result is a coffee-bar, even before the electric coffee-engine has been installed or the transparent unbreakable cups and saucers purchased.



The usual procedure is to hang the fish-net a foot below the ceiling, and the onions, in strings, from points fairly high on the walls; place three or four large indiarubber plants just inside the window in case any light should get in; and use the bamboo poles to build ornamental superstructures to the counter, the cash-desk or other essential fixture. Imaginative decorators can, however, turn the bamboo horizontally to screen the ceiling, drape the fish-net on the walls, hang the onions in the window, and ornament the counter with the rubber plants. The effect, oddly enough, will be exactly the same.

As the fashionable names for coffee-bars are usually continental in allusion, it is possible to instil a regional flavour of France, Spain, Italy, etc., by the use of onions, fish-net, bamboo and indiarubber plants, eked out with a few posters begged from a travel agency.

Other forms of decoration are a sheer luxury; but if wallpaper is insisted on it should either bear a pattern of bamboo or else a design, in a manner rather a long way after Dufy, in which the prurient can descry a Parisian public convenience.

Seating accommodation, though at first not thought necessary, has now

crept in and established itself. Plain boards round the walls, covered with a cheap fabric in a "contemporary" design, will serve for a small place; if there is still room to pass between the tables, this wasted floor-space must be filled up with chairs. Chairs of a fashionably Scandinavian aspect and a fashionably English discomfort are to be got quite cheaply. According to the makers, they stack; but it is a mistake ever to stack them, as they are not then available for standing upside-down on the tables when, at about two in the morning, you think the last customers ought to be going.

Staff

As the staff will all be voluntary and badly in need of the money, there is no limit to the hours they may be worked or the unpleasantness of the work they may be given. On the other hand, being amateurs, they are not expected by the customers to remember their orders, or which table the cheese-sandwich was for, or how many pennies make a shilling.

Good-looking members of the staff should be employed in serving the customers, and the less personable reserved for washing-up in the kitchen; subject to the one exception that any member notoriously impatient or ill-mannered should be employed in serving. The object of this is not to exacerbate the customers, who are quite prepared for it, but to ensure that a washer-up, having washed and wiped fifty cups and saucers and collapsed on to the chair under the Ministry of Health notice saying PLEASE DO NOT SMOKE IN HERE for a quick cigarette, will not, when immediately confronted with a pile of fifty more cups and saucers, hurl the whole lot across the room and walk out.

Staff who do not speak English are quite a good idea, as, although they do not understand the customers' orders, they do not understand the customers' complaints either. Most customers are quite willing, if requested, to write out and add up their own bills for staff able to work only in metric systems.

Catering

A really important consideration is the provision of refreshments for the customers.

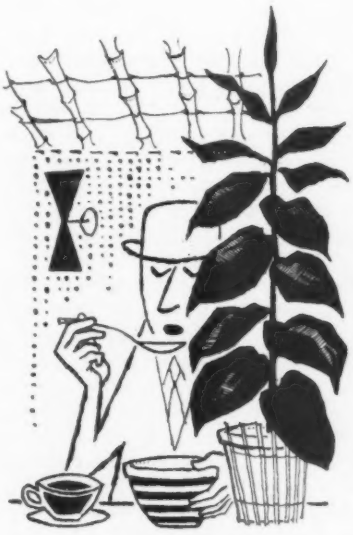
Having spent five hundred pounds or so on a machine for making it, the proprietor is advised to concentrate on coffee, and this must be made clear to the customers from the start. There is a way of saying "We don't serve *tea*" which ensures that no one will ever ask for that beverage more than once. Soft drinks, which are no trouble to make or to wash-up after, are permissible; from one three-shilling bottle of orange concentrate a good operator will easily extract twenty-four tumbler-fuls at a shilling each.





Chocolate is a nuisance to prepare but is currently an O.K. drink; if serving it becomes an intolerable bore the staff should be trained, on receiving the order, to look disdainfully over their shoulders at the counter and shout "Two cocoas, dear."

Solid food must be kept to a minimum. Croissants and butter are a good basis, and *patisseries* at two shillings each which could hardly hope to fetch eightpence if called fancy cakes are worth while. Machines are now on sale to cook toast by means of infra-red rays and imprint a design of wavy lines on it at the same time; these are a useful means of wringing the last drop of profit from a sliced loaf, but at the same time mark a dangerous trend towards the provision of cooked food. One step more, and there will be Business Man's Luncheons at five-and-sixpence (*potage du jour*; egg salad or omelet; fresh fruit or ice-cream. Coffee extra).



For the disadvantage of providing cooked food, see the section on "Development" below.

A word on the quality of coffee to be used. When the coffee-bar is opened it must immediately get a reputation for serving the best coffee in the town. This reputation will only be lost, *however the quality of the coffee deteriorates*, when another coffee-bar opens near by; and if the proprietor is wise this will be opened by him.

Coffee should on no account be used twice, except for customers unlikely to return, customers shy of complaining, customers who began by asking for tea, customers who have come on after the pubs shut, customers who speak no English, customers who come in when you want to shut, plain-clothes policemen, etc., etc.

The quotation at the head of this article, which is not from Sigmund Freud the psychologist but from Clement Freud the restaurateur, refers not to coffee but to competition.

Development

Anyone deciding to open a coffee-bar must make up his mind what he wants it to turn into. Coffee-bars are an unstable form of business and tend not



"It should be interesting to hear her explanation at Wednesday's glove-making class."

to remain coffee-bars for long. They become restaurants, caffs, jazz clubs or youth hostels.

Certain precautions may be taken to prolong their existence as coffee-bars, if that is what is required.

(1) The first symptoms of impending change into a restaurant are a brisk trade in onion soup with a surprised Welsh rabbit floating on it, and an altogether unnecessary variety of omelets. Much can be done to combat these by the use of cold plates, by running out of butter, by losing a head of steam in the coffee-machine, and by allowing half an hour to elapse between courses. If in spite of all these measures the change still seems to be taking place, there is nothing for it but to engage an Italian chef and double the prices.

(2) The tendency to become a caff can sometimes be halted by reducing the size of portions. Frequenters of caffs are out chiefly for something to eat, and although the intimidating effect of coffee-bar decoration will persuade them that a slice of cinnamon-toast and a wedge of chocolate cake really do provide value for four-and-sixpence, they will soon stop coming if the slices are made small enough.

(3) It is the owner's own fault if his coffee-bar becomes a jazz-club. It is no use pretending that the provision of a modest Old Etonian with a guitar, a cowboy shirt and a repertoire of hill-billy songs transcribed from records of Josh White is not a most inflammatory step. The very first evening he fails to turn up (having gone to his sister's coming-out dance) endless offers of substitutes will pour in, from another Old Etonian to a four-piece skiffle-group. One should engage the skiffle-group; they play for fun and do not need the money as much as the Old Etonian. They can be housed in the cellar and two shillings entrance-fee charged to customers wanting to go and hear them. Also coffee in the cellar can be a shilling instead of ninepence.

(4) A prevalent Teddy-boy population will tend to turn a coffee-bar into a youth-club. The boys are very rich, as they often do one job all day and another part-time one in the evenings, chiefly to meet their tailors' and hair-dressers' bills, and they do not really know the difference between coffee and washing-up water, as long as it's ninepence. They are therefore worth encouraging as customers. Their main disadvantage is that they frighten away some of the older patrons, who show an unreasoning fear of their dress, their language and (if accompanied by their girl-friends) their methods of courtship. To get rid of them, start them fighting on two or three consecutive Saturdays; this is not at all hard to do without becoming personally involved, and the police will be only too glad to do the rest.

On Active Service

In these days when welfare plays such a great part in the lives of the armed forces, it is no surprise to learn that the War Office already has plans to mobilize coffee-bars in the event of another major conflict breaking out. Three War Establishments have been approved, for a Field Mobile Coffee-bar, Class A, B and C, varying only in size. The G1098 scales of equipment are remarkably complete, and include net, fish; plants, indiarubber; forms, six-foot, covered chintz; and so on. The War Establishment says that the staff may be either male or female; but as no Mobile Coffee-bar has yet been embodied this clause appears to be permissive rather than descriptive.

Get the Best out of Your Bicycle

By H. F. ELLIS

MOTORISTS who have had about all they can take in the way of advice from "Motoring Correspondents" and other experts on methods of saving petrol should now turn their minds to other things. There is a limit to the number of times one can profitably read:

that a car uses less petrol when coasting in neutral;

that stopping and starting should be avoided, particularly the latter;

and that flooding carburettors, leaking petrol tanks, and furtive men with cans and lengths of hose-pipe are other potential causes of waste that should be eliminated whenever possible. The British motoring public is now as well-informed as human busybodies can make it on the means of turning two-hundred milesworth of petrol into 203·5, or even 204 miles of carefree coasting.

Less has been said and written about economical bicycling, certain to be a big talking-point at Christmas parties and festive New Year gatherings.

Putting the Machine Back on the Road

This is obviously the first step. As long as your bicycle remains upside down on a shelf at the back of your garage, with its wheels in the air and a quantity of old strawberry netting tangled in the chain, it can do little to help you solve your transport problems. So get to work now on the few odd jobs that will certainly be necessary before the machine is in trim for the road.

A good way of lifting bicycles down from shelves is to grasp the frame with both hands—the right hand about three inches above the point of juncture with the saddle (unless, of course, the bicycle has been stored right way up, in which case the technique is somewhat different), the left on the crossbar as close to the handlebars as is convenient—and pull. This has the advantage of clearing away all paint tins, etc., from the front of the shelf and may well free the rear mudguard from the bundles of raffia, mowing-machine hoods, fire-irons and so on that will not be required on your travels. As the bicycle breaks away from its surroundings it will tend, without further effort on your part, to assume a normal wheels-down position, swinging easily over until the frame encircles your neck like a horse-collar. Note, at this stage, whether the front wheel pivots readily (the handlebars, if all is well, should buffet you indiscriminately from front and rear with every movement you make), and take a look also at the main sprocket, which you will find conveniently placed for inspection.

Now lower the machine to the ground and check it over for faults. Points that may need special attention are:

Rear Wheel. Is this in position? If not, who has taken it, and why?

Front wheel. Are any dibbling tools, pruning hooks, etc., jammed between the spokes?

Is the underneath of the *saddle* now thoroughly clear of dahlia tubers and in all respects ready for use?

Is there more *chain* than you remember from the old days?

Why has the *bell* rusted itself immovably underneath the bar?

When the inspection is completed and any unserviceable bits have been replaced, pump up the tyres, oil all parts likely to come in contact with



"Do you happen to know the address to apply for Supplementary?"



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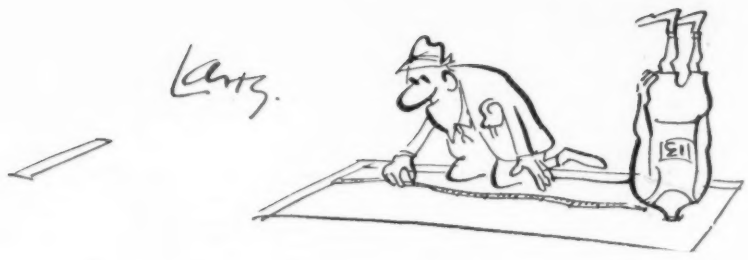
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your trousers and take her out for a trial spin.

Pedal-Saving Tactics

Remember that it is easier to bicycle downhill than up. Try to arrange your journeys with this point in mind, and *take your feet right off the pedals* when free-wheeling in order to lessen wear on bearing surfaces.

As a corollary, wind is helpful when behind the cyclist's back, a hindrance when the contrary is the case. To travel downhill *with* the wind is as wasteful as using two stones to kill one bird; the aim should be to have the assistance of the wind when forced to travel *against* the slope. If, to take an obvious instance, your route to church runs uphill in a generally north-easterly direction, regulate your worship accordingly. Choose, that is to say, a Sunday when the wind is in the south-west, or vary your place of attendance to suit the prevailing conditions.

It is important to keep the rear tyre fully blown up to maker's specification. A gain of even $\frac{1}{16}''$ in the diameter of a tyre adds approximately $\frac{3}{5}''$ to the circumference of the wheel as a whole, which means that (for a 4—1 gear ratio) some $1\frac{3}{5}$ additional inches of travel are attained for each complete revolution of the pedals. This may not, at first sight, seem a significant figure, but in a journey of any length the difference is surprising. It has been calculated that over a distance of ten miles a man with a fully blown tyre will cover an extra ·04 of a mile—a gain of nearly 100 man-yards for England with no additional expenditure of energy.

Full inflation of the front tyre, which gives no additional mileage, is a matter of personal comfort rather than patriotism.

Wind-resistance, even on a calm day, is an important factor. Cyclists should avoid voluminous clothes made of sail-cloth or other wind-catching materials, loosely-cut blouses and *bouffant* skirts. A peaked cap cuts through the air more readily than a bowler or flower-pot hat. Corduroys increase drag, and are said to aggravate saddle-wear. In general, the aim should be to come to a point in front, so far as the individual build allows, and broaden gradually towards the rear, without any pockets, whorls or ruches in the attire likely to set up air vortices or the little-understood surface-layer phenomena.

The weakening of gravitational effects as one approaches the Equator, a circumstance recently noted in the Press in connection with Olympic records, is a point often overlooked by cyclists. The flattening of the earth at the Poles, and the resulting comparative proximity of its surface to the centre in those parts, means a sensible reduction in the effort required of uphill traffic travelling southwards (or, of course, for readers in the southern hemisphere, northwards). The significance of this fact for economically-minded cyclists can be simply stated. Given a choice of two aunts to visit, the one living on the top of a hill to the north, the other similarly situated to the south, the man who has his wits about him will opt for the latter—unless the wind be contrary. The decision cannot always be clear-cut, but as a rough guide it may be taken that five degrees of latitude *towards* the Equator counterbalance a one-mile-per-hour adverse wind for any journey with a marked uphill component undertaken in reasonably streamlined clothing.

Steady pedalling, whatever the conditions, is better than constant jumping on and off to see where the rattle is coming from. Keep close to the kerb on left-hand bends (this decreases the distance to be travelled), use your brakes only when you wish to slow down or stop, and remember that a bicycle propped against the kerb with its handle-bar basket full of potatoes tends to fall outwards into the traffic rather than inwards on to the pavement.

Taking the Bicycle Off the Road Again

When the present crisis is over, make sure that your bicycle is properly stored, ready for use in the event of a third world war or another Government *coup* to ensure our petrol supplies. To take a bicycle off the road all that is necessary is to put it upside down on the shelf at the back of your garage.

D'Oyly Duo

By CHARLES REID

MY idea for the Fuddlecombe Am. Op. and Dram. Socy. had rather been to switch *The Mikado* to the South Seas, give Ko-Ko to a black tap-dancer, and have the girls wear grass skirts, and eyelashes like trout hooks. In their office somewhere in the bowels of the Savoy Hotel, Mr. Carker, who is plump and usually chuckles at everything, and Mr. Lark, who looks like a humorous eagle, went into a flat swoon at the thought of it. I gave them ice packs, burned feathers under their nostrils and had them sitting up in no time.

"To produce *Mikado*," said Mr. Lark, "you need a permit. To get a permit you must undertake to adhere *strictly* to the words and music of the opera as printed."

"No alterations, additions or omissions are allowed," chuckled Mr. Carker.

"Nor," gleamed Mr. Lark, "may anything be introduced in the way of stage business, scenery, dresses or properties other than that which is indicated in the printed libretto or authorized in the performances given by the D'Oyly Carte Company."

"Any monkeying about in these matters will void your permit, render you liable to the company in damages and, generally speaking, land you up

the creek," added Mr. Carker, trying hard not to roll off his seat with merriment.

"Here," said Mr. Lark, "is one of our official prompt books." He opened a libretto of *Patience* interlined with stage directions and interleaved with minute diagrams of stage positions, movements and prop lay-outs. These minutiæ are precisely as W. S. Gilbert worked them out on his toy stage three-quarters of a century ago under Richard D'Oyly Carte's rubious eye. Let everything always be as it always was, is the idea. A round of the Savoy operas is like a walk through a petrified forest. Even the vowels are ossified. The second syllable of "hollow" as enounced by Bunthorne deserves a tarnished gilt frame like a choice daguerreotype. As soon as she came to power Bridget, Richard's granddaughter, laid it down that what had been good for Grandpa was good enough for *her*; which means sucks-boo to fusspot innovators like you and me.

"Let us," said Mr. Lark, "give Mr. Reid an idea how faithfully we stick to tradition. Perhaps you, Mr. Carker, will sing the Chorus of Dragoons from *Patience*, line by line, while I read out the appropriate stage directions."

The Soldiers of the Queen (began Mr. Carker)
Are linked in friendly tether.
Mr. Lark: Open arms!
Upon the battle scene——
Mr. L.: Point to the ground!
They fight the foe together.
Mr. L.: Turn to each other!
There every mother's son
Mr. L.: Tap on chest!
Prepared to fight and fall is,
Mr. L.: Hand down, point finger!
The enemy of one
Mr. L.: Tap chest again!
The enemy of all is

Mr. L.: "Open arms! . . . Get the idea? Gilbert thought of everything. Very obliging of him. Nothing left for us to do. He tells you how to get people on the stage and how to get 'em off it. This dragoons' chorus, for instance. At the end of their number the dragoons 'all rise, chat, take out cigarettes, pretend they are lighted, tuck their swords under left arm, *little* finger on scabbard, ready to swagger around.' Don't run away with the idea there's any go-as-you-please about those flowers. The Colonel must carry a sunflower, the Duke a tiger lily, the Major a tulip. It's true the producer has a bit of latitude in the case of Jane. She may carry a lily *or* a tulip. As the *Patience* dragoons behaved when I wore knickerbockers, so they behave to-day. Soothing thought if you're a bit of a philosopher like me and see the world, except for D'Oyly Carte productions, as a worrying flux in which Being equates with Becoming. Cup of tea?"

On the way out I passed an embittered baritone. He was poring over a frame of publicity photographs of scenes from the G. and S. operas. "See?" he murmured in triumph to a companion, "not a single singer's name is mentioned. Same when we were in New York. They gave us no billing at all. Our names were printed in alphabetical order in small type on the back of a throwaway. When I complained Rupert said there weren't, wouldn't be, and never had been any stars in D'Oyly Carte."

As I was turning from Savoy Hill into the Strand I was overtaken by a messenger who said:

"Mr. Lark forgot to say you mayn't perform any pay-to-go-in Gilbert and Sullivan at Fuddlecombe if D'Oyly Carte are playing within a twenty-five-mile radius. Only last week we stopped a children's *Gondoliers* at a convent in Harlesden after it had been in rehearsal three months, because it might have competed with our season at the Savoy. So watch out. And another thing. Any performance we allow you to put on must be announced in all advertisements and printed matter as by permission of Bridget D'Oyly Carte."

"In gold ink, of course?"

"We leave that to you, Mr. Reid. We aren't ones to dictate."



"The war's over by now, Hitler either dead or on top of the world, and petrol rationing finished for good."

America Day by Day

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

A GOOD deal of alarm and despondency was caused at the end of last season throughout America by a growing tendency to touchiness on the part of baseball umpires. I don't know if you are familiar with baseball as it is played by the American and National leagues, but what happens is that when an umpire gives a questionable decision it gets questioned. The entire strength of the company, plus managers, coaches, etc., flock round him gesticulating and shouting. It is as though in a test match, when Mr. Chester has given Mr. Miller not out after an appeal for caught at wicket, he were immediately surrounded by the whole England team accompanied by Viscount Cobham, Mr. Ronald Aird, Sir Pelham Warner and others, who have emerged from the pavilion waving fists and howling like wolves.

Until recently little has come of this. The umpire has stood there looking haughty and aloof, and eventually the tumult and the shouting—what is technically known as the rhubarb—has subsided. But to-day the thing has scarcely begun before he is ordering players off the field and out of the game in wholesale lots. Never have so many been bounced so often by so few. In one case Mr. Frank Secory, officiating behind the plate in the contest between the Pittsburg Pirates and the New York Giants, expunged Mr. Ray Mueller, an athlete belonging to the latter club, simply for asking if he, Mr. Secory, would like to borrow his, Mr. Mueller's glasses.

"Getting so you can't open your mouth around here any more," commented Mr. Mueller peevishly, interviewed later by the press.

Television, I think, is at the root of the trouble. All the big games are televised, and the umpire knows that his wife will be watching. These displays of firmness, he feels, will show him as a man of iron resolution, not safe to be trifled with, and will make the little woman think twice before she tries to make him wash the dishes.

One sees on all sides these days the demoralizing influence of television. Even politicians are not immune to its insidious urge. There was a time when Senators and the like were content to appear on the screen, say a few words and call it a day, but now they all want to do comedy and generally ham it up. The governor of a Western State was on the Jack Benny show not long ago and took part in a knockabout act which had the viewers rolling out of their chairs. Naturally after this he is not going to be satisfied with straight stuff. He is like the tiger cub which, once able to get along perfectly happily on milk, insists on blood after it has tasted its first coolie. It is only a question of time before you find him bullying his gang of gag writers for not giving him snappy enough lines and ticking off the make-up department because the eye shadow was all wrong.



Talking of television, a very deserving cause is the newly-formed Benevolent League for Supplying TV Sports Announcers With New Verbs. A television sports announcer, as everybody knows, is not allowed when giving the day's baseball results to say that one team beat another team. He has to say they edged, ripped, topped or clobbered them, and inevitably before long his supply of verbs gives out and he is forced to repeat himself, which is, of course, gall to his proud spirit. Already the League has eased the situation by dropping from helicopters such much-needed substitutes as blitzed, scuppered, torpedoed, hydrogen-bombed, disembowelled and devastated; and inched out, hammered and disintegrated are on their way.

Of interest to smokers is the news that the Institute of Motivational Research, located at Croton-on-Hudson, has decided that when you smoke a cigarette you are "aiding in man's struggle for survival, stability and security." Manufacturers of cigarettes, they say, are going about their business all wrong, selling their product as a source of pleasure and a luxury, thus enhancing the public's guilt feeling. What they should do, the Institute says, is represent cigarettes as having an important function in earning one's livelihood, in overcoming difficult situations and in proving one's mettle.

Not much has been happening lately in Wilmington, Delaware, but there is just this one item of news. The personnel of a child behaviour clinic in that city were tidying up their desks and thinking of going out to lunch when a lady came in in a state of considerable agitation, asking for advice. It appeared that her daughter was impossible to manage, and had they anything to suggest? The personnel exchanged quiet smiles. This was just the sort of situation they were so good at handling.

"Take this book," they said. "Written by experts, it is stuffed with admirable advice from cover to cover. It will solve all your problems."

"But my daughter can't read yet," said the mother. "She's only five."

"Seventeen men with a combined total of 110 letters after their names sat down to answer the question: What is a savage?

It was a question that had baffled the Lord Chief Justice of England when a sausage was taken before him in January.

It didn't baffle this committee of food, medical, and legal experts."—*Daily Mail*

They'd better beware of contempt of court, all the same.



The Merman

FINDING himself, to his surprise, forsaken
While sitting regally if somewhat clammily
Upon a red gold throne beneath the ocean,
The Merman put into immediate motion
Plans that recuperative steps be taken
By promptly surfacing, complete with family.

When, from the oldest to the youngest daughter,
All had assembled and were treading water
Or rather lashing it, he first exhorted them
To mill ashore and, as they all meandered,
Call "Margaret!" regardless of the stir made
Among loquacious gulls: he then supported them
In a rich bass which an admiring mermaid
Assured him was of Covent Garden standard.

Unhappy to relate, however stirring
His manly bass or sweet their childish trebles
As with their tails and flowing tresses glistening
The group (now land-borne) flopped along the pebbles
Bellowing "MARGARET!!" in tones of urgency—
Sobs from the Merman frequently recurring—
These rang no bell whatever of emergency
For Margaret, who simply wasn't listening.

She proved, in fact, to be in church; and thither
They all repaired in one collective slither.

It strikes one on reflection as remarkable
No traffic passed, no vehicles were parkable,
And no-one challenged this unique procession
Or called the Fire Brigade to take possession:
Granted that no-one happened to be looking,
Since absentees from church were busy cooking,
But minus Concert Choice or Forces' Network
Among the aspidistras and the fretwork
How could they fail to notice when the shrillness
Of yells of "Margaret!" disturbed the stillness?
To turn again, however, to comparative
Straightforwardness in purely factual narrative:

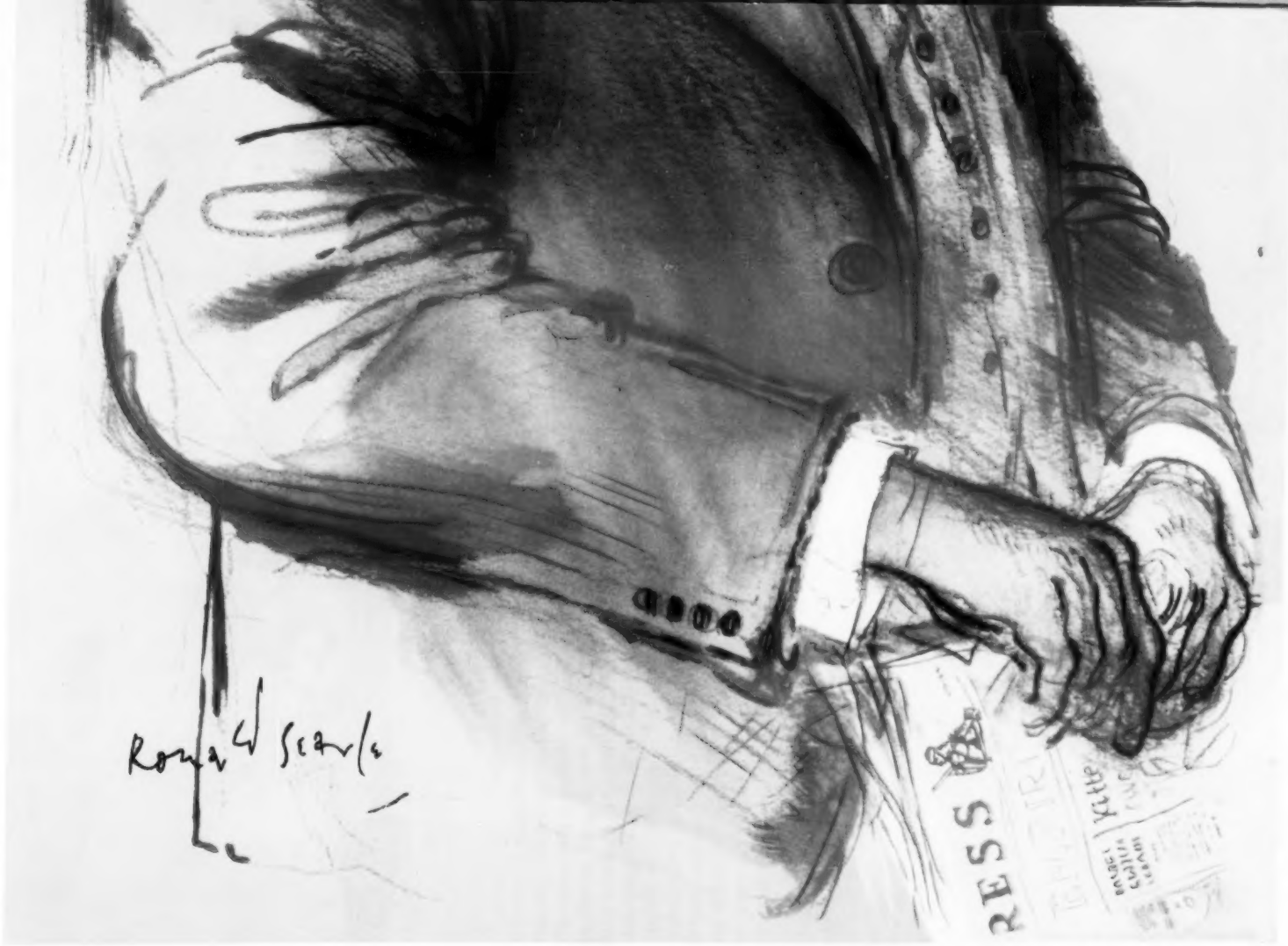
They reached the village church without deflection,
Read notices about the week's Collection
And one on Warble Fly, and had intended
To wait for Margaret till Matins ended,
But ever-growing menace in the waves' tones
Indicative of imminent gale warning
Put paid conclusively to this endeavour,
And prompt evacuation from the gravestones
Which all had nonchalantly been adorning
Was put in train by the dejected Merman—
Resigned by now to leave behind for ever
The rude forefathers of the hamlet, charnel'd,
And Margaret, intent upon the sermon.

* * * * * * * *

None saw them come or go, save Matthew Arnold.

D. A. WILKINSON





Lord Beaverbrook

The Beaver has a notion that without his guiding hand
Our grand Imperial destiny's a castle built on sand.
Contrariwise, observers of his journalistic capers
Can estimate the influence of an empire built on papers.

PUNCH, December 5 1956





"All right, Miss Frobisher. On our honour. We promise not to laugh."

Wheels within Wheels within Wheels

By LORD KINROSS

New York

EVERY American city is the hub of a bright, swift roundabout. All day long this revolves, and half the night long too, in kaleidoscopic rings of light. The city draws its rhythm from it—from the highways and flyways, the expressways and freeways merrily encircling it and pouring into it from without. It is here, not in the wide deserted spaces of Central Parks, that Americans exercise their pets. For this is a nation on wheels, and the national pet, beloved even more than the poodle, is the car.

Love is lavished on the car during her all too brief spell of life. Hers is the Body Beautiful, dotingly admired and caressed and primed and preened and pampered. "Sculptured in steel and shimmering color with crisp flowing lines," endowed with "a beautiful opalescent pearl body . . . that assumes the color and the light playing on it," the loved one has a "great, deep-breathing engine" and a "live, lithe, luxurious action." The "deep hush" of her interior is "smartly different," with upholstery of unborn calf. Herself she is the golden calf of this great new civilization.

Great roads, such as no Roman ever envisaged, are built for her, plunging into tunnels through mountains, soaring over railways and lesser roads, over the tree-tops of forests and the rooftops of towns, costing her masters tens of billions of dollars per year. Great bridges span rivers for her, lakes and bogs and stretches of ocean. Great squares of land, larger than the parks of men, are set aside for her in cities, great skyscrapers built for her own exclusive use. Every whim of hers is gratified, with the drive-in movie (used by her younger masters as a kind of dormitory), the drive-in supermarket, the drive-in liquor store, the drive-in bank, the drive-in church—even Donut drive-ins, so that her master need never leave her. One Californian, more loving than all the rest, designed a drive-in home for himself and her, the garage built into it like a living-room.

Fifty-eight million of these pets now convey a happy three-quarters of America's families along six-hundred-and-seventy billion miles of roads per year. ("The more you drive, the less it costs.") Soon doubtless they will start to invade other elements; for already there are corvettes and clippers, streamlined and tapering like ocean cruisers; and one of the latest models is the Astra-Gnome, with a silver aluminium body, a plexiglas dome covering a cockpit like an aeroplane's, and, together with High Fidelity, such astral-sounding amenities as a celestial clock and an automatic planetary gear set. Americans like sometimes to torment themselves with the thought: What if one day, suddenly, all these automobiles were to vanish? Ten million Americans would be out of work, twenty-five thousand American cities would be cut off from the world, and millions of American families from their supermarkets, half the schools would be empty, the pace of work would slow down by half, and there would be little left to do but roller-skate over the disused parking lot. An American nightmare—which might, for some, prove an American millennium.

Meanwhile there they still are, all vividly painted, like toys, in the brightest of nursery colours—scarlets and emeralds and aquamarines toning exotically to the fuchsias and heliotropes and saffrons of the boudoir. In Nevada I visited a dandy of the literary world, who wore white brocade ties and, around his ten-gallon hat, a spotted silk bandana, and who, among such trifling possessions as a newspaper, a private railroad car, and a Turkish bath next to his bedroom, furnished with jack-pot machines, owned a stableful of Rolls Royces. The latest of these models was the fruit of a long correspondence with the manufacturers at Derby, who protested with surprise and asperity at an order to paint it in two colours, moreover colours defined as Vanderbilt Maroon and Taft Cream. Greatly saddened, they had finally shrugged their shoulders, closed their eyes, painted the beautiful creature, and hurriedly shipped her away out of sight. So now here it was, the prize pet of the Nevadan and Californian highways.

On wheels I have now crossed and recrossed the American continent—often on the more cumbersome wheels of Greyhound buses, but always in the company of these glittering, painted things and the painted satellites—maybe speedboats on wheels or gleaming



"It's hard work, but the holidays are good."

trailers like trains—which they often drag behind them. So strong is this instinct for wheels, indeed, that tens of thousands of Americans live permanently on them, in "mobile home parks," villages of trailers, ready to be up and away when the fancy takes them. I have even encountered a full-sized, two-storey house on wheels, being laboriously motored from one site to another. While I was in Los Angeles, one of these broke loose, careering down a steep hill and obliging a motorist to claim damages because his car had been run into by a house.

Along the highways and flyways, across the wide open spaces, we drove through towns which seemed to have been built for the car alone: towns consisting of little but garages, parking lots, gas stations, car marts, used car marts, motels, where she may stay comfortably out in the open under the eye of her master, and an occasional liquor store to gas the master up. Strung out between the towns were establishments by the thousand, existing only to serve her, to feed her and doctor her, bathe, spray and shampoo her. ("Muffler Service . . . 3 Minit Car Wash . . . We Re-gloss your car like new.") Garage hands handed out Wheelburgers and Hubburgers, or perfumed her with the gift of a Car Cutie ("A pin-up with a purpose. Freshens the air in your car.") For a two-dollar gas purchase her masters were lured with such sops as a pepper shaker, a kite, a ball-point retractable pen, or the chance of a Florida dream house.

Hence American cars, though they may run into each other in line in telescope fashion, seldom if ever break down. Only once did I travel in one that did. It was the world's largest Cadillac, and it broke down half-way along a fifty-mile freeway in Texas, its battery exhausted by an excess of air conditioning and other such electrical amenities. It was a situation unprecedented, moreover insoluble, since who would build a garage on a mere fifty-mile stretch, and nobody yet lived on this freeway. For half an hour we stood there, while two cars a minute drove contemptuously past us, and my host, a Texan millionaire, violently berated his wife, because the car was hers, not his. (She received this in silence, explaining to me only, with unamerican understatement, "He does get so worried.") Finally a vehicle, humbler than the rest, drew up, and a schoolmaster at its wheel gave us an undignified tow.

As we drove westwards, feeling confident in our unburstable tyres but not forgetting to tighten our safety-belts, miraculous inventions measured our progress. "Speed checked by Radar," we read. "Speed electrically timed." "Resume Safe Speed," another notice instructed us—and this meant, curiously, driving faster, at fifty-five miles an hour instead of thirty. The roads were lined, for our enlightenment, with reading matter, large and clear and legible: "Gas. Beer. Coke . . . Jumbo Milk Shakes . . . Fine Foods. Live Bait. Quick Loans . . . Don't be a Litterbug. Keep it beautiful . . . 'Tiny' Condon for Sheriff. A Big Man for a Big Job . . . (A man with God is always in the majority.)"

Piling up an atmosphere of suspense, a series of hoardings announced to us, at tantalizing intervals, "Big Blue Tube . . . Is Like Louise . . . You get a Thrill . . . From every Squeeze . . ." Similarly spectacles were announced for our diversion: "Monkeys 5¼ miles . . . Monkey Theatre. Singing Jackass . . . 4 miles Alligators. Animal Farm," and finally, with breathless imminence, "SLOW DOWN. WILD



"Any of you girls want pipe-cleaners—razor blades——?"



ANIMALS 200 yards." On the frontier between Nevada and Utah we were greeted by "the Largest Mechanical Cowboy in the World."

Everywhere poets had coined lines for the pet's protection "Safely Drive, Arrive Alive . . . Slow down and Live . . . If you *must* drink and drive, Drink Milk and Stay Alive." And when finally she upped and killed, cities, following one another, competed, with hoardings and figures inscribed on them, for the number of her victims: "Auto Fatalities. October. Last year 50. This year 71." In one city the killer herself was exhibited, battered but unbowed, like a human in the stocks, in the public square, before an awestruck populace.

But even cars themselves must die. For man kills the things he loves. There is no pet like a new pet, so after a year it is off with the old, for a few hundred dollars. And who wants a used pet, save perhaps for a year or two more? Around American cities stretch acres of ground, wide open graveyards, strewn with thousands upon thousands of unburied vehicles—abandoned Loved Ones, some still looking bravely, uprightly new, others gaping obscenely on their backs, rusting away into scrap-iron. "Federal Auto Wrecking," the notice reads; and a few men browse among the remains like vultures, picking here and there a bit from the entrails. Soon, with the march of progress, they will be joined by superannuated gas cookers, refrigerators, television sets, washing machines, slowly and steadily encroaching on the wide but not unlimited open spaces. Only another war can absorb or destroy the Forgotten Machine, as the Forgotten Man. But this is an age of Peace and Prosperity.

A A

"MITZI'S BREAK

This is Mitzi Gaynor's big break to date. She not only co-stars with one of America's foremost comedians but also has her first opportunity in a straight role. Usually, she is cast in musicals, such as 'There's No Business Like Prime Minister of Burma n the summer of last year."

Kensington paper

Sounds like a must.

Your Free to Pay for Him

By PATRICK CAMPBELL

I'VE been watching the auctioneering of greyhounds, a ceremony which takes place twice a month without clerical, police or public protest in a large, empty garage in North London, but before I go into the nature of the business I want to make my own attitude towards greyhounds clear.

I once lost £32 on thirty-two consecutive races at the Dublin stadia of Harold's Cross and Shelbourne Park. This cascade of ill-fortune occupied no more than a few days, and drove me to make a demonstration at the stand of a bookmaker with a lisp called Walsh, a combination of circumstances which led to him being known as Old Time Waltz.

"What," I cried audibly, "is the good of going on when I've backed thirty-two losers in succession?"

Old Time Waltz responded promptly, although he was busy taking a lot of sixty to forty about the favourite, Milly's Mick. "Shut up!" he hissed, bending right down from his box. "Go away! You're upsettin' me customers."

One or two punters with currency in their hands did, indeed, seem to be on the verge of holding back, impressed by the reasonableness of my complaint.

"Well, what's the good of it?" I said. "My information's all right, but the damn things fall over every time."

I thought he was going to strike me with his satchel. Instead, he said "Here—I'll stand you a free bet on the favourite—thirty to twenty Milly's Mick. There's your ticket. Get outa this!"

I accepted his offer. If Milly's Mick won I'd owe him only £2, a payable sum, and if it didn't, which was much more probable, I'd be no worse off than before.

The race, of course, ran exactly true to form. Through a fault in the mechanism the hare flew off the rails at the third bend, most of the dogs leaped over the fence in pursuit of it, and Milly's Mick was found soon afterwards barking its head off at a cat in the car park. The stewards declared "no race"—the most readily supportable judgment they'd delivered in weeks—and I parted company with greyhounds for ever. Until, that is, the other morning when I walked into this garage in North London, morbidly drawn to the spot by the sound of hysterical, gibbon-like barking, the distinguishing mark of these mindless stuffed-rabbit hunters.

One of them was being supported on a table in front of the auctioneer's rostrum by a man in a brown corduroy cap and a sandy overall coat. At first I thought the animal was dying, and they were trying to get rid of it before it breathed its last, but reference to the catalogue showed that it was only a puppy—"guaranteed untried in any way." Including, it seemed, the art of standing up straight without assistance. This one, with its back legs crossed and its front legs spreadeagled, leant against its keeper with its eyes closed, trembling uncontrollably. It was impossible to imagine that this gangling, defenceless thing could possibly turn into an arrogant, snake-headed, barrel-chested greyhound, proudly bounding home last after a flying start from the inside trap, a cast-iron certainty at four to one on. But someone thought it might. A respectable, hatless young man in a gabardine mackintosh, accompanied, remarkably, by his wife and small child, paid five guineas for the puppy, and made a satisfied mark on his catalogue.

Another puppy, its head down, eyes closed, legs apparently falling off, was hauled up the ramp on to the table and stood there like a piece of bent wire sculpture while it was knocked down for three guineas to a jovial worker who looked as if he'd just emerged from scaling the inside of a locomotive boiler.



This was the first time I'd seen the smaller owner close up. I've seen a great deal of the larger owners of course—beery clowns in camel hair overcoats cavorting round the bar under the grandstand with silver cups on their heads telling everyone *now* they always knew the ole dog had it in him.

These smaller owners, however, might well have stood in for a section of any football crowd on a working afternoon. Dedicated men, absorbed in their sport and oblivious to all outside distractions, given to small, almost peakless caps, coloured scarves and a silently omniscient manner.

I began to wonder about the economics of being a greyhound owner, having been cauterized by the economics of being a greyhound backer, and inquired about the matter from a man sitting on the bench beside me. With an imperceptible gesture of his catalogue he'd just bought a dog for twenty-four guineas.

"Going to run him?" I asked, giving it no emphasis at all.

"Bitch."

"Her——"

"Might."

"What's it cost, a week, to keep a dog in training?"

"Twenny-eightna-tanna."

"Thanks." I was grateful. You don't often get as much information as that around the tracks free of charge.

The auctioneer by now was dealing with some more mature material—fully grown dogs with racing experience. Prices had risen into the hundred-guinea class, and there once again were the old, meaninglessly merry names, like Fitz's Judy, Your Free, Pay For Him, Quare Bringo and Circum Vee. I could see them all written up on Old Time Waltz's board, hear the thud of the traps going up, the eruption of the brightly jacketed fools and my dog rolling over and over, yelling, at the first bend.

Circum Vee, I noted from the catalogue, had last raced on September 25, when he led a good field up to the home straight, finished fourth and caught distemper next day—just a normal twenty-four hours in the life of a greyhound. The dog was now being sold because the Belfast tracks were closing for the winter—the most kindly gesture that Nature had made for a long time towards that grey, suffering city.



"Sticks and stones may break our bones, but names will never hurt us."

The man on the bench beside me rose purposefully to his feet. He'd been studying *Sporting Life* and appeared to have come to some decision. I watched him thread his way through the crowd, reach the telephone box beside the tea bar, and step straight in. It was true! Not only had he just paid twenty-four guineas for a greyhound but now he was going to have a bet on another one! Bewildered, I turned to a lady on my other side—she wore a black hat with a veil and brown fur-lined boots. "What do all these chaps do for a living?" I asked her.

The lady looked round briefly. "Burglars, I should think," she replied without heat, and returned to her catalogue.

I returned to mine, and looked at the last page, there to find a dog called Talto's Fawn. Guaranteed to be sound and a non-fighter, Talto's Fawn, by the testimony of the catalogue, was now "rununing" at Southend.

I knew that "rununing" was no misprint. All the dogs I've ever known have been rununing round for years.

"The ten black swans of Dawlish, Devon, are well known to holidaymakers just because of their colour. But now one of them has . . . become a disappearing black swan. First, he . . . flew off to join a colony of white swans on the Exe estuary. He avoided capture there . . . Eventually he came back to Dawlish and was caught. He had his wings clipped and the feathers were given to children for souvenirs. But despite that he's disappeared again . . ."—*Evening News*

No pleasing him, obviously.

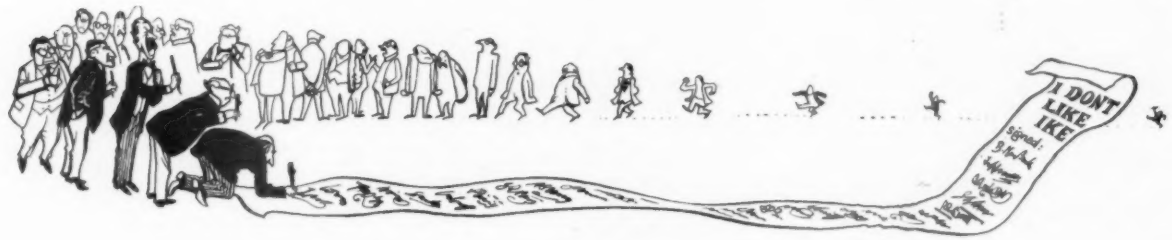


WHEN the week began the British Government, it seemed, was not prepared to play until the United Nations became an effective force and the United Nations was not prepared to play until the British Government became an effective force—so there we were. Meanwhile, Members of Parliament, for lack of anything better to do, were prepared to sign almost anything. Conservative Members queued up to affirm "I dislike Ike," and Liberal and Labour Members queued up to put their names to such contrary papers as might be floating around. Three hundred and twenty-five Members, it was alleged, had put their names to a motion asserting that the world was on the whole globular, and a hundred and seventy-three more to an amendment regretting that it goes round the sun. Meanwhile, all public services, we are told by the gloomy, are grinding steadily to a standstill—with the apparent exception of Mr. Arthur Lewis's telephone service.

Monday's main concern was with the expulsion of British subjects from Egypt, although in that, as in so many other incidents in this strange story, after the House had done talking about it it seemed that it was far from certain what were the real facts. Then they turned to the European Common Market. Mr. Macmillan explained that it would not be as common as all that. The two Harolds—Macmillan and Wilson—walked hand-in-hand, agreeing that we should go into the talks to see if we go into the market. They differed only on investment and on paternity. Mr. Harold Wilson had no visible son in the Chamber to support him. There was another maiden speech, apart from that of Macmillan *fils*, from Mr. Hornby and good sense, as usual, from Mr. Roy Jenkins. Mr. Nabarro was afraid of the dumping of the products of cheap foreign labour. But is European factory labour any longer any cheaper than that of this country? It is very doubtful whether it is so to-day and pretty certain that it will not be so for long.

Members who had come down on Tuesday to hear something about the Middle East had to be content, instead, to learn that Mr. Buchan Hepburn and a stuffed owl could not control the starlings of Trafalgar Square. Starlings, we were told, were observant birds and might notice things—whether Mr. Buchan Hepburn or the owl was not too clear.

Then on Thursday they came down to hear about it all once again. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd was now back from America. Surely there would be a real statement this time. The wary should have taken warning from Mr. Butler's manner of answering questions—for the sort of joke that Mr. Butler enjoys is the sort of joke that only he himself can see. He knew what Mr. Lloyd was going to say and they didn't. He was clearly enjoying himself no end as he explained with a chuckle that the Paymaster-General would answer questions on matters concerned with the duties of the Paymaster-General and that the most recent reference that he had been able to find to Amilcar was in the works of Cornelius Nepos and referred to the year 247 B.C. Above all, he plainly enjoyed himself most riotously when he was informing inquisitive Members that things would be clearer to them when they had heard the Foreign Secretary's statement. He could hardly contain himself as he cracked this excellent jest, and when the Foreign Secretary came to make his statement we could all understand why. For, though he took some time in saying it, the Foreign Secretary said precisely nothing. He had—to do him justice, and as Mr. Bevan generously admitted—quite a good reason for saying nothing. He had to see the French Foreign Secretary on Friday, and though there was no longer much doubt what was the policy that he would announce it was reasonable courtesy not to announce it before he had seen the French. But Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is not very good at saying nothing. It is indeed only fair to allow for the physical fatigue from which he must be suffering. But he had no clear answer to Mr. Bevan's question whether an agreement on the future of the Canal was necessary before we would



evacuate Port Said, and, if not, what was the point of bringing that into this argument? He had no clear answer to Mr. Grimond's question, why, if a Canal agreement was a necessary condition for evacuation, had he supported the Belgian resolution which made no mention of such a condition? He was equally confused when Mr. Pitman from the one side of the House asked, if the United Nations force was a "combat" unit only in Egypt by the consent of the Egyptians, whom was it supposed to combat, and when Mr. Paget from the other side asked how you could decide whether the force was effective when no one had settled what it was supposed to effect.

Animals seemed to have crossed the floor that afternoon. Whereas previously the zoological contributions to the debates had been predominantly Socialist, this afternoon such contributions were predominantly Conservative, and poor Mr. Denis Healey got a barrage when he tried to raise a point of order, though none of the barragers could at that stage have had a notion what was the point of order that he was going to raise. The truth is that the Socialists felt that they were sitting pretty. They were fairly sure that the Government was going to do what they said ought to be done, and if, before doing it, the Government hummed and hawed and hesitated a bit, well, from their point of view, so much the better. Mr. Bevan was graciousness itself in accepting Government excuses for procrastination, for the more the procrastination the more certain that the Socialists—rather than the Government—would get the credit for what was done. It is pleasant when the enemy surrenders. It is more pleasant still when he surrenders with reluctance. On the other hand the brave signers did not feel that things were going their way. They did not want to make a public fuss until it was quite certain that they had lost, and at the same time they did not want it to appear publicly that the Opposition was pushing the Government around. So they sat there, roaring but not questioning, and preferred to keep what they had to say for the privacy of the Twenty-two and the Foreign Affairs Committees. In the meantime only Mr. Butler found the whole situation entirely amusing.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS





The Hayes Code

IF I were a singer I'd stick to a song
To be sung to a small guitar—
The kind if you find that you're getting it wrong
Through having mislaid the penultimate bar
You can give an additional fa-la-la
Or a tommy-rot tumble-cum-trivy.

You develop a high and hollow voice
If you sing to a small guitar,
And vowels in Cockney are the choice
Or consonants clipped to show you are
As good with an elegant fa-la-la
As a nautical tumble-cum-trivy.

Improbable shanties I'd collect
To sing to a small guitar,
And borderline ballads resurrect
And ditties from near and far—
So long as they featured a fa-la-la
Or a tommy-rot tumble-cum-trivy.

Highly artistic my work would be
If I sang to a small guitar—
And even more lovely the whacking great fee
I'd collect at a guinea a fa-la-la
Or a quid for a tumble-cum-trivy.

ANTHONY BRODE





Unit Trusts

THERE is no such thing as share-holding without risk. In these days the value of all capital is at the mercy of official counterfeiters, social revolutionaries and political buccaneers. A new round of wage demands, a bout of inflation or a plague of canal-blocking can make the proudest portfolio of investments look queer. Inflation rubs the gingerbread, often the bread itself, off the gilts.

Smaller savers suffer most heavily from the steady decline in the purchasing power of money. In Savings Certificates and Building Societies their nominal capital is safe enough, but the interest received, though it looks good, is poor compensation to set against damaging all-round depreciation. The holder of fixed-capital investments is obviously more vulnerable than the investor having a direct interest in flexible capital, for equities, or shares in public companies, represent claims on real goods and property and automatically participate in any and every inflationary readjustment of prices.

The small saver who cannot afford to spread himself on the roundabouts-and-swings principle, with investments in a prudent variety of industries and companies, has a chance to make good through the Unit Trusts. I have mentioned unit trusts more than once in this column, but it is clear from readers' letters that further information on the subject would qualify as reading matter. A unit trust is most easily and fairly described as a vehicle for co-operative investment. It collects savings by selling units, invests the proceeds in a large number of securities and distributes the dividends received. The public knows exactly what it is buying, for the trust publishes a list of the securities held. Every day the current price of the units appears in the Press, and the trust is required to buy and sell at the quoted "bid" and "offer" figures.

Not nearly enough is known about the trusts. They were introduced about twenty-five years ago, and with very few exceptions have proved consistently successful ever since, but because their progress is unspectacular, because they are essentially "growth stocks" unattractive to the "in and out" speculator and the broker, they receive less than their share of limelight in the financial columns. The big trusts, Municipal and General, Allied Investors, National Group, Orthodox and Bank Insurance, Moorgate, and so on, manage about forty different investment unit businesses. Municipal and General's "M & G General Trust" (the group is the only one quoted on the Stock Exchange) with its funds invested in no fewer than one hundred and forty-seven companies, has a record of smooth capital appreciation and yields interest at about 5½ per cent. Investment Trust Units (Bank Insurance group) which have more than doubled their cash value since 1948, have resources spread over one hundred and ten investment companies at home and overseas. Orthodox units, yielding more than 6 per cent, represent investments in fixed interest stocks (35 per cent), banking and insurance (10 per cent), gold mining (10 per cent), and industrial ordinaries (45 per cent). And so on.

The advantages of unit trust investment to the small saver are obvious. His securities are readily marketable, provide good spread and a fair hedge against inflation. In the United States the unit trust movement has won wide support among wage-earners, but in Britain industrial investment is still regarded as the province, almost exclusively, of the *bourgeois gentilhomme*, and to this extent Britain is still a land of haves and have-nots, two nations.

It will be interesting to see whether the new moves of the unit trusts—"M & G," Orthodox and Bank Insurance—to attract business from the small saver will manage to break through the barriers of suspicion, prejudice and inertia. MAMMON



What 's the Game?

DURING the eighteenth century the Vicar of Holsworthy, who was visiting his brother at Bideford, wrote home to his wife. I quote his complaint: "The scenery here is quite tolerable but the food is both sparse and tedious. We get salmon three times a week and if it isn't followed by woodcock, it's sure to be partridge. I shall be pleased to be home again." We are left to imagine what the vicar's diet was when he returned. But it is painfully clear that English hospitality has fallen off a little since those days. Indeed to meet it now is a shock to one's system.

I don't visit my aunt very often for fear that I should be constrained to stay for luncheon. She is over seventy; a sort of ethereal creature who has devoted herself to good works and other lost causes. But last week there was no avoiding the rigours. I accepted her invitation with as much grace as I could feign and waited disconsolately in her sitting-room until she tripped in with her cold collation and some terrible Russian salad out of a tin.

An hour later she reappeared, somewhat triumphant but a little flustered, bearing a hot dish. I lifted the lid suspiciously: there were two roasted birds poised properly upon their toast. They certainly weren't pigeons, their flesh was far too white for those vermin. They were more succulent, less dry than partridge and larger than woodcock. I was defeated. A direct question produced embarrassment from my aunt. "It's just game, dear," she said and started fidgeting with her hair.

But after the meal, as I stood on the lawn, saying good-bye, I found myself glancing towards her stables where I observed a few feathers against the wall. My aunt tried hard to distract me. Could it be that she had turned poacher? Was she breeding bantams and caponizing them? There was no holding me back. Even as I went into the stable yard, a cloud of her precious white doves flew down from the cote. Their fantails spread, they cooed around her feet and settled on her shoulders. Each one seemed to have a name.

That's what I call true hospitality.

RONALD DUNCAN

* * *

Big Surprise at Kew

"He looked exactly like Alec Guinness disguised as the director of a botanical garden in an Ealing film. Which isn't surprising as this is exactly what he is."
Evening Standard



BOOKING OFFICE

Running Across *Them*

THE London Magazine has been running a series called "Coming to London," in which leading writers describe their first contacts with the literary world. A few of them made contact by what one assumes to be the normal method, writing for periodicals and then meeting their editors and contributors and getting passed on; but many of them seem to have had a curious kind of luck and to be celebrity-prone as financiers are money-prone. For example, William Sansom spends his youth reading Michael Arlen and Pamela Frankau and trying to write lyrics for West End leg-shows. He enters an advertising agency and the other copywriter in the room is Norman Cameron, who at once takes him out to lunch with lots of poets, including Dylan Thomas. The war comes and he joins the Fire Service. The Station to which he is sent is filled with painters and writers who lend him books. He writes a short story and "by a purely geographical chance" meets the business manager of *Horizon*, who says they want stories. It is published and immediately publishers offer him commissions for books. Then Stephen Spender turns up in the Station and puts him on to *New Writing*. At least six times since, strangers have sent him presents of up to a hundred pounds. It is not as though his powerful talent had revealed itself first and people took him up and encouraged him afterwards.

The morning Alan Pryce-Jones hears he has been sent down from Oxford he walks into Trafalgar Square and meets a friend who at once takes him to call on Sir John Squire, who promptly appoints him Assistant-Editor of the *London Mercury*. Middleton Murry stays on holiday in a remote Cotswold farmhouse where he meets a French novelist, who immediately arranges for him to live in Paris and meet simply everybody. Elizabeth Bowen's old headmistress "happens" to know Rose Macaulay and introduces her, after which the entire literary world is open. On arrival in London, Geoffrey Grigson visits the Assistant-Editor of *The Times*, who comes of course from the next village. Though he does not get a post there, a man in the lift going down again puts him on to the *Yorkshire Post* and he is promptly settled in a job where an authoress on the staff sees he



meets all the other available authors. Even William Plomer, who arrives as an established writer and naturally (apparently it is naturally) has his social life looked after by his publishers, chooses a house for his first lodging that contains a homicidal maniac and the seeds of a novel. Christopher Isherwood cunningly obeys the letter rather than the spirit of the title by describing "Coming to London" on a return visit after living in America; but we know from *Lions and Shadows* that he was at school with W. H. Auden and Edward Upward. He is also, I believe, a cousin of Graham Greene.

Even the most casual reading of literary memoirs will show that this kind of thing has been happening for years. T. S. Eliot taught John Betjeman. Dr. Johnson taught Garrick. John Lehmann mentions in his autobiography that he was taught at his preparatory school by L. A. G. Strong and was at Eton with Cyril Connolly, George Orwell, Henry Green, Anthony Powell, Harold Acton, Peter Fleming and Alan Pryce-Jones. Any Brontë was actually born into a family of poets and novelists. The world is divided into those who automatically rub shoulders with men who provide an intellectual, social or professional leg-up and those who rub shoulders only with men who show them snapshots of holidays and need in common decency to be talked down with. (As one of this class, I can illustrate our fate. I sat for an Oxford scholarship, terrified of being snubbed by candidates who knew as many proper names as the characters in Aldous Huxley; but I shared a room with a man who had the plots of most of Molière's plays written out in an exercise-book by his French master. He asked me whether I had read *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* and I answered miserably that I had read very little French Literature. "Oh, it's not Literature," he said. "It's quite interesting.")

One cheering thought is that the division is simply into two *kinds* of career. That it is often possible to rely on luck does not mean that luck is the exclusive road. In any case, it is merit that keeps writers on top. The theory that everything is a racket, and nothing more so than literature, is simply untrue. For every example of the celebrity-prone you can find an example of the man who writes novels in isolation and has them published and gets launched with as much éclat as the *Queen Mary* or Colin Wilson. However, it is amusing to speculate on what would have happened if Mr. Sansom had found Dodie Smith at that other desk. Or, indeed, if I had been in Mr. Sansom's place. I did once find myself sitting next to Norman Cameron at lunch.

Alex Atkinson was with me and we watched Cameron with awe. He cracked his finger-joints aloofly and read *The New Yorker* in rather a marked manner. As we walked away after lunch Mr. Atkinson said to me pensively "You can see his poetry takes him hard."

R. G. G. PRICE

Pincher Martin. William Golding. *Faber*, 15/-

Torpedoed in mid-Atlantic during the war, Christopher Hadley ("Pincher") Martin, in peacetime an actor who has played in *Night Must Fall*, now a temporary naval lieutenant, is cast up on a bare tooth of rock with only gulls, mussels, and plant-animals for company. Mr. Golding has evidently set out with the idea of isolating his central figure in a plight more terrible than that of Robinson Crusoe or the shipwrecked boys in his outstanding first novel *Lord of the Flies*; the egocentric Martin suffers much from the absence of a mirror: "I am in danger of losing definition. I am an album of snapshots, random, a whole show of trailers of old films." Gradually the protective layers of personality are stripped away; flashbacks revealing the hollowness of his past life are projected on the darkening screen of his mind, and sanity slips away until finally he rejects heaven in a desperate obscene phrase.

Despite a twist O. Henry ending, the novel must be accredited a tour-de-force; but it is perhaps time that Mr. Golding got to grips with the problem of man's isolation in a more crowded setting: this puny shape, glimpsed gesticulating by lightning in the sea-swept dark, seems about as far as he can go in his present direction.

J. M-R.

The Forbidden Coast: A Journey Through the Río de Oro. John Lodwick. *Cassell*, 21/-

Río de Oro, on the north-west coast of Africa, is one of the two remaining Spanish colonies. It had suffered so much from ill-informed journalists that the Spaniards had virtually forbidden it to English writers. Mr. Lodwick, however, flew undeterred from Seville (Sevilla to him) to Spanish Sahara, Southern Morocco, Ifni and the Canary Islands, and returned with a desert hedgehog, a gazelle called Esmée, and two hundred pages of recollections. ("I'm afraid you'll have to boil your egg," said the taxi-driver near the crater of Monte Hacha Grande. "Don't be afraid: just stick it in the first jet of steam you fancy.")

There are strange and various characters in *The Forbidden Coast*; there are strange and various facts. We discover the strong taste of puffin; the wayward life of the locust—"a life which, by its licentiousness and self-seeking, resembles that of St. Paul before God struck that notable sinner blind." We learn of the virgin birth of locusts, the curative properties of desert shrubs, the volume of ostrich eggs (one of which provides an omelet for "twenty-five well-satisfied citizens.") There is entertainment and odd instruction in this original book.

J. R.

The Last Resort. Pamela Hansford Johnson. *Macmillan*, 15/-

I find it difficult to describe this novel without making it seem like a typical piece of "library fiction" about the amatory troubles of nice people, though it is, in fact, quite different. The slowly dying wife, the elegant, amusing architect husband, his perverted partner and the central figure, mistress, daughter, martyr, disclose themselves continuously throughout the novel, a reminder of how much more there is to be known of people if only one will continue asking questions. Engrossed and alert, I wanted to know not so much what the characters did as what they were. The incidental delights are expertly managed and some of the flashes of description are brilliant. A theme of conscience is hinted but left inexplicit; I rather doubt whether it will assume more importance on re-reading.

Like her husband, C. P. Snow, Miss Hansford Johnson is curious about people in their context and has so powerfully the novelist's gift of fascinating with invented character that the reader becomes almost impatient of having his attention drawn to generalities.

R. G. G. P.

AT THE OPERA

Otello (COVENT GARDEN)
Fidelio (SADLER'S WELLS)

WITH Mr. Vinay in the name part, Mr. Kraus as Iago and Wakhevitch's magistral scenery for them to act against, *Otello* at Covent Garden is a fine thing to watch, an occasion for opera glasses if ever there was one.

Everything about Mr. Kraus *speaks* to the eye: the rags of black hair on his brow, the fringed, satanic beard, the smile up one sallow cheek, the intent, felonious gait, the gesture as of taking something strong and breaking it with cold cruelty. In the Credo, when it comes to *E poi, e poi?* and the meditation on death and the void, he halts and leans and casts up a shocked, wondering eye. All this rather suggests a divinity student assailed by doubt for the first time. This effect was more marked when this *Otello* first came out last year but is still psychologically false, I feel.

Another modification as compared with 1955 is in the scene where Otello hurls Desdemona to the ground. During the tragic, brassy chord sequence which occurs at this point, Iago used to cross the stage with predatory stride and mount the gubernatorial dais in the manner of one who feels the sceptre already in his grasp. Iago's stride is now severely docked; what was originally a telling stroke of theatre—specifically *operatic* theatre—is hardly noticeable.



"Workers of Hungary—try to understand that continued intransigence can only lead to dreadful inflation."

The thing was an innovation, to be sure. Why panic? Innovations can be meritorious even at Covent Garden. Mr. Potter, the producer, would have done well to dig his toes in.

It may be, of course, that on reflection Mr. Vinay was considered to offer innovation enough for one night. Certainly no Otello quite like him has been seen before. Once Iago's poison has begun to work in him he gibbers, drools, goes knock-kneed and limp, is as beholding to Iago as suckling to wet nurse, and generally behaves like something handpicked from a Freudian casebook. During the love music, Act One, he thrice turned his back exasperatingly on Desdemona, jockeying desperately for physical stances that would help him to get those damnably difficult soft, long high phrases off his chest. In this he never succeeded. Otello needs a Tamagno sort of tenor: accurate throat of tungsten steel, with electric bellows below, and a capacity for sudden switches to pathos and *bel canto*. (Listen to the *Otello* records Tamagno made in 1903. These give you the idea.) By this standard Mr. Vinay is, I fear, only half equipped.

Nor was the rest of the singing anything to wake up remembering next morning. Miss Brouwenstijn, who has all the attributes for Desdemona, was a bit cowed by the size and tensions of the occasion until the last half hour, when her Willow Song and Ave Maria compensated for much. Mr. Kraus, although elsewhere plausible on the ear, sounded puny and uncertain in *Era la notte*, Iago's big test. In the chromatic downruns of the drinking song (opening scene) everybody concerned bleated painfully, though not much more so than usually happens. Best all-round performance:

John Lanigan's as Cassio, a part that often falls between stools. The orchestra served handsomely, and Mr. Kubelik's speeds and dynamics were to my taste dead centre, or near it, all night.

Those who revere Beethoven's score, which is among the quasi-holy things, may go to the Wells fearlessly, for Elizabeth Fretwell sings Leonora, and Ronald Dowd Florestan with the precise energy, tone-volume and degree of pathos which, in this small, hard house, are needed for the heroic style. Once you have that, plus a conductor who knows his business (in this case Rudolf Schwarz), you have the essence of *Fidelio*. The ancillaries must include an orchestra capable of fizz and fire and a chorus who believe to the marrow in what they are singing about. Both things are already there or on the way. The minor parts, it must be admitted, are sung and acted in a homespun, truly Wellsian fashion. Once you have an affection for Sadler's Wells this is no great stumbling block.

For the scenery and some of the costumes (by Malcolm Pride) and the production (by Douglas Seale) I can find no palliation at all. The outsize chain in Florestan's dungeon—intended, I suppose, to symbolize tyranny—reminds me forcibly (and solely) of those used at the launching of s.s. "Great Eastern," while the final scene, a stadium peopled by townsfolk uniformed in puritanical black, is a crib on Wieland Wagner at his most freakish. CHARLES REID

AT THE PLAY



The Diary of Anne Frank (PHOENIX)
United Notions (ADELPHI)
Grab Me a Gondola (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)

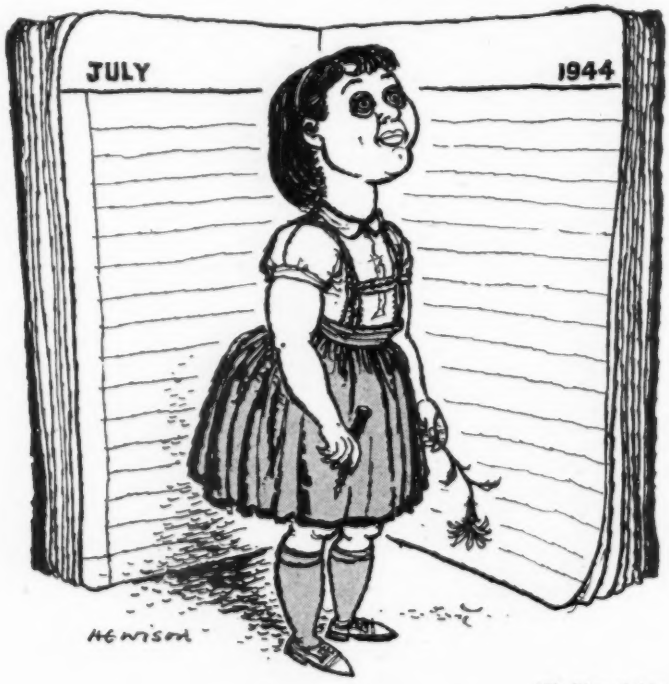
ANNE FRANK was thirteen and a Jewish refugee when her parents joined forces with another family in the attics of a warehouse in Amsterdam during the German pogrom. Friends brought them enough food to keep alive, and by force of character Anne's father managed to preserve sanity, carrying on his daughter's lessons and contriving all the domestic fun possible in a strained little society under nightmare pressures. Anne went in a child, and came out a young woman, to die in Belsen; the diary which she kept was found afterwards, and is one of the most moving documents that emerged from the war. It is not only a day-to-day record of an extraordinary adventure but a piece of writing which reflects with an insight far beyond her years Anne's own private struggle to find some kind of meaning in what was happening to her.

I feared for it on the stage, where its delicacy might so easily have been swamped by the situation, and I was wrong. Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett have adapted it with admirable tact. Frith Banbury has balanced his production beautifully, and the casting is excellent. *The Diary of Anne Frank* begins with the return of Anne's father, sole survivor of the family, to the attic after the war, gives us in short episodes the story of the two families in hiding, and ends with the father finding the diary and reading from it a sentence in which Anne pathetically protests her faith in humanity. The technical difficulties of explanation are surmounted by short pieces of the diary read to us through a loud-speaker during the blackouts between scenes; it is the only weakness in the production, and one easily rectified, that the amplification drowns some important sequences.

In a sense this is not a play, but it captures so completely the tensions and spirit of the diary that it is an experience not to be missed. A tattered multiple set shows the attics against a panorama of the city's roofs. One gets a freezing feeling of the immense power of the evil outside, waiting its moment to seize the defenceless families. The surface drama of their lives, the strained nerves and sudden burning enmities, the attempts at normality, are constantly gripping; but inside all that—and this is the true merit of the play—is Anne's own awakening from a defiant and difficult child to a girl touched by love for the awkward son of the other family and transformed by it. The thought that this all actually happened only a few years ago, and is now being faithfully re-lived in its moods and emotions, adds something to the evening which is very difficult to describe.

The diary indicates that Anne and her father were very close in feeling, and on the stage their relationship is sensitively shown. Perlita Neilson seems to me Anne, in every way; she has the innocence, the directness, the clear force, and it is a lovely piece of acting. The father is played by George Voskovec with a gentle authority, an almost saintly firmness, that might, we feel, hold such a heterogeneous party together through such an ordeal. Other good performances come from Harry Lockart as the boy, Miriam Karlin as his hysterical mother, and Kynaston Reeves as the gallant old merchant who gaily risks his life with a shopping basket. What impresses one above everything is the restraint apparent at every point. It would have been so easy to cheapen the whole effect by a few misjudged strokes of melodrama.

United Notions is one of those glossy, popular revues that are really a music-hall programme puttied together by a few crude sketches and a lot of rather wriggly dancing. One of the attractions is Patachou, the Paris cabaret singer, whose business-like blouse and skirt give the slightly unromantic impression that she has just come from taking down a letter for the general manager, but who sings charmingly; I thought her songs much better chosen in the second half. Our old friend Tommy Trinder is a great strength when fooling by himself, and there are two Spanish jugglers, the Peiro Brothers, whom I liked as much for themselves as for their power over matter.



Anne Frank—PERLITA NEILSON [*The Diary of Anne Frank*

I was a little disappointed in *Grab Me a Gondola*, for it sets out to rag the Venice Film Festival, and in particular the intellectual aspirations of a platinum star, and does very little in the way of satire, becoming bogged down in romance under the Southern Sun. It did seem a chance for some accurate shooting; but though the lyrics occasionally find the bull's-eye they haven't the wit to do a proper job on demolition. The music is very noisy. But against all this is a notable vitality which runs through the entire show, and will doubtless save the day.

Recommended
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

A *View from the Bridge* (Comedy—17/10/56), Arthur Miller's dockside tragedy. *Double Image* (Savoy—21/11/56), a teasing thriller. *Plaintiff in a Pretty Hat* (Duchess—24/10/56), good light comedy. ERIC KEOWN



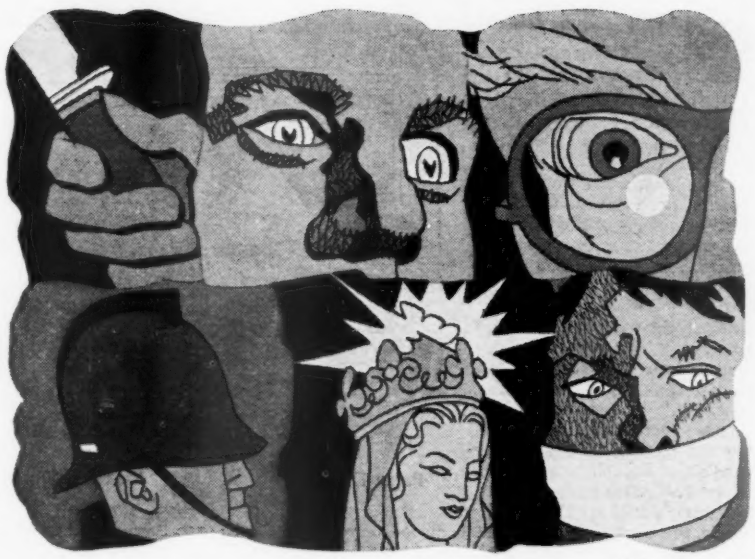
AT THE PICTURES

Tiger in the Smoke
Friendly Persuasion

TALKING to one or two other critics after the press show (one meets these occupational hazards) I found, much to my surprise, that I might be in a minority in having enjoyed *Tiger in the Smoke* (Director: Roy Baker); and reading the opinions of several more critics since, I find, still to my surprise, that I certainly am. They all seem to be upset by the fact that they didn't grasp the workings of the plot. There is, to be sure, a certain intricacy about the plot, and I wouldn't venture to try outlining it in detail: any plot involving more than the fewest characters and incidents can be made by a detailed outline to appear incomprehensibly, ridiculously complicated, and it is true enough that I don't now remember all the complications here. But while the film was telling its story I followed it well enough to be continuously entertained, and the film as a whole, as I say, I enjoyed.

It is a crime melodrama of the kind that involves innocent outsiders with the activities of crooks. The outsiders are a young war-widow (Muriel Pavlow) and her betrothed (Donald Sinden), and what sparks the whole trouble is a villain's attempt to stop their marriage by making her think her husband is still alive. This villain is also a pathological killer and is being sought for revenge by a group of men who grew to hate him when he was their sergeant in the war.

So much is the basis of the narrative. It is the sheer decoration, the oddity of character and detail and the variety of scene, that appear to complicate it; but it is also precisely these that make it continuously interesting. The group of men are together as a band of street musicians; they include one or two very strange people, and they live in a cellar beneath a greengrocer's shop in a poor district of London near one of the big stations. The film begins in this station, in a fog, and the scene is admirably presented; later we see the cellar, and the greengrocer's in action above it, and these too are full of solidly convincing touches.



[*Tiger in the Smoke*
The Knife *Jack Havoc*—TONY WRIGHT *Tiddy Doll*—BERNARD MILES
The City Police The Image *Geoffrey Levett*—DONALD SINDEN

The police are concerned from the first, and for a time the camera eye switches back and forth between the cellar (where the men are holding the hero prisoner) and Scotland Yard where an Inspector (Christopher Rhodes) is gradually unravelling the whole affair. The police work here is as satisfyingly authentic as in *The Long Arm*.

What pleased me about the picture was the way every smallest decorative scene—for example, one in which a faithful servitor (Charles Victor) goes to fetch something from a church, and interrupts the organist at her practice—had been "set up," taken trouble with, made striking or amusing in itself; almost the only thing that displeased me was the essential artificiality of contrivance needed to collect all the principals in one place for the climax. There is good acting in every size of part, and there are several passages of excellent cutting, telling much in very little (Editor: John D. Guthridge). I can't help it if I am in a minority; I liked this.

The big one this time, the one everybody has taken most notice of and the one designed to pack in moviegoers of every age, is *Friendly Persuasion* (Director: William Wyler). This presents Gary Cooper as the head of a Quaker family in Southern Indiana at the time of the Civil War, and it is as "warm," "human" and "wholesome" as all get out.

I'm sorry to sound disrespectful, and I should make it clear that a vast number of people—of every age—will enjoy this very much. I enjoyed quite a bit of it myself; it is well done in a lush, obvious way. The central theme of the Quaker's problem when war invades his peaceful life and his faith forbids him to take part in it is effectively expressed, too. Simply it is that one can tire (in two and a quarter hours) of *nice people* whose main characteristic is that they are—by average standards—"quaint," in that they say "thee" where most people say "you." (At one point I was interested to note that even the plural makes no difference: the father addressing a group says "all of thee.") The strongest scenes here are one or two episodes of actual fighting (suspense as the men in ambush cock their guns, *click . . . click . . . click*), and the weakest perhaps those depending on the "feud" between the small son of the family and a pet goose.

* * * * *

Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

War and Peace (28/11/56) will still be about, but the other London shows are uncertain. I'd remind you of *Moby Dick* (21/11/56), and the Royal Performance film *The Battle of the River Plate* (14/11/56), and the generally enjoyable *Harvest* (7/11/56).

Nothing special among the new releases. *Tension at Table Rock* is quite a good spectacular Western in the *Shane* tradition. It may be found in a double feature programme with *Death of a Scoundrel*, which presents George Sanders as a "ruthless financier and philanderer" and is often amusing, not always intentionally. RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Olympic Gamesmanship

FOR one who was finally converted to televiewing by the Games of 1948 this year's Olympic TV film famine has been a disaster. So far our screens have given us only misty snapshots of the winners and wheezy sound-only summaries from the B.B.C.'s team of correspondents in Melbourne. "This picture shows Axlegrit, the winner, breasting the tape. The second man, another American, can be seen through the crook of Axlegrit's right arm." Not good enough: not worth screening. A year or two ago during heavy rain at Lord's the B.B.C. put on an old telerecording and allowed us to sample cricket history and savour the authentic Test match atmosphere; and, oddly enough, the substitute proved more attractive than the game we were missing. Last week I found myself hoping that Peter Dimmock and company would forget 1956 and its international wrangles and play back its records of Wembley and Helsinki.

This is not to belittle the achievements of the reporters in sound. Max-Muller's team of commentators, headed by Rex Alston, Raymond Glendenning, Harold Abrahams and Leonard Parkin, has delivered the facts and figures of the Olympiad with exemplary precision and has done its best to bridge ten thousand miles of atmospherics with word pictures, interviews and gossip. And for all this I am grateful. But I remember 1948 all too clearly, and I know what I—and millions of newer viewers—have had to miss. It is inexcusable that bureaucratic difficulties should be allowed to rob half the world of precious entertainment. A year ago Sir George Barnes told me that he considered the development of Eurovision and world-wide relays of great events (he made specific mention of the Games) as more important in the short run than the advance towards television in colour. I agreed with him. The various authorities, sporting and otherwise, responsible for the TV breakdown had *four years* in which to iron out their disagreements, and failed. And if such a protracted rumpus can afflict the world of sport how dare we hope for reasonableness in the U.N.? The Baron de Coubertin must be turning in his grave.



[*Sportsview*

PETER DIMMOCK KENNETH WOLSTENHOLME

Under the chairmanship of Norman Fisher the eminently worthy Brains Trust has acquired a new and very welcome provocativeness. Fisher's manner is donnish, mild, and without any suggestion of cerebral pyrotechnics, but he has developed an engaging knack of lighting crackers under the most cautious of his empaneled dialecticians. Left to their own devices several regular members of the trust are apt to wriggle away from questions to which there is no popular answer. With an evasive "I don't know much about this matter" or "I'll sit this one out" they try to seek refuge in a convenient and golden silence. The chairman, however, does his duty, and with gentle but insistent prompting converts the hide-out into a hot seat. The result is exciting and rewarding to the viewer. The Brains Trust becomes more useful and responsible, and the opportunists are put to flight.

Brains making highly successful appearances in recent weeks have included Sir Frederick Hooper, Alan Bullock, Donald Tyerman, Monica Dickens, Sir Compton Mackenzie and Dr. Bronowski. Hesketh Pearson has put on the mantle of Campbell.

Ibsen, like Shaw, usually comes over well on television. The *eminence grise* of Victorian drama needs no colour to advertise his sermons, only half-tone, and for all-talking theatricals the little screen is an entirely adequate keyhole. Stephen Harrison's production of *Pillars of Society* made the most of this somewhat substandard Ibsen, and David McCallum as Carsten Bernick was a convincing heavyweight drawing-room lion. It seemed to me, however, that the performance was dimmed by serious mistakes in casting: David Markham and Valerie White seemed strangely ill at ease and therefore below their best as Hilmar Tönnesen and Lona Hessel—so much so that at times I imagined that the script must have been borrowed from a Broadway musical of gems from Chekhov.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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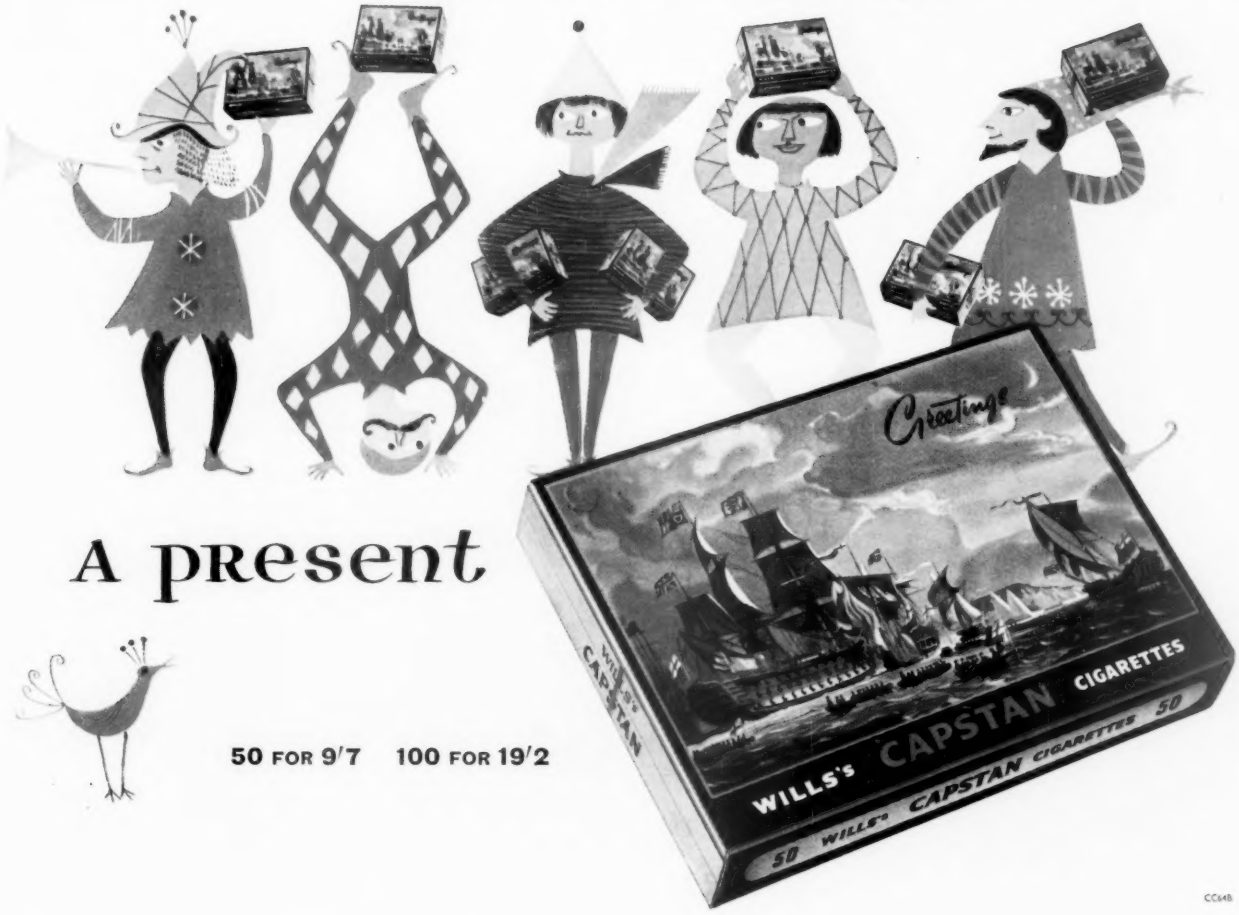
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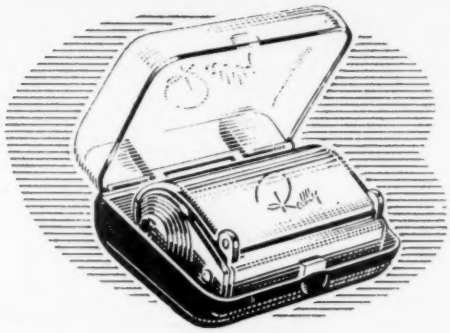
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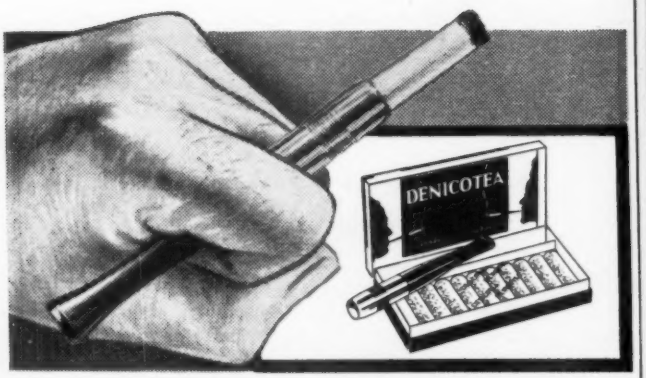
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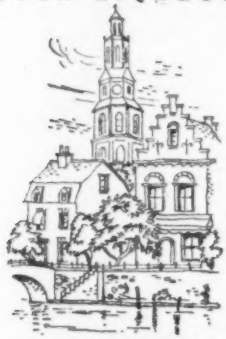
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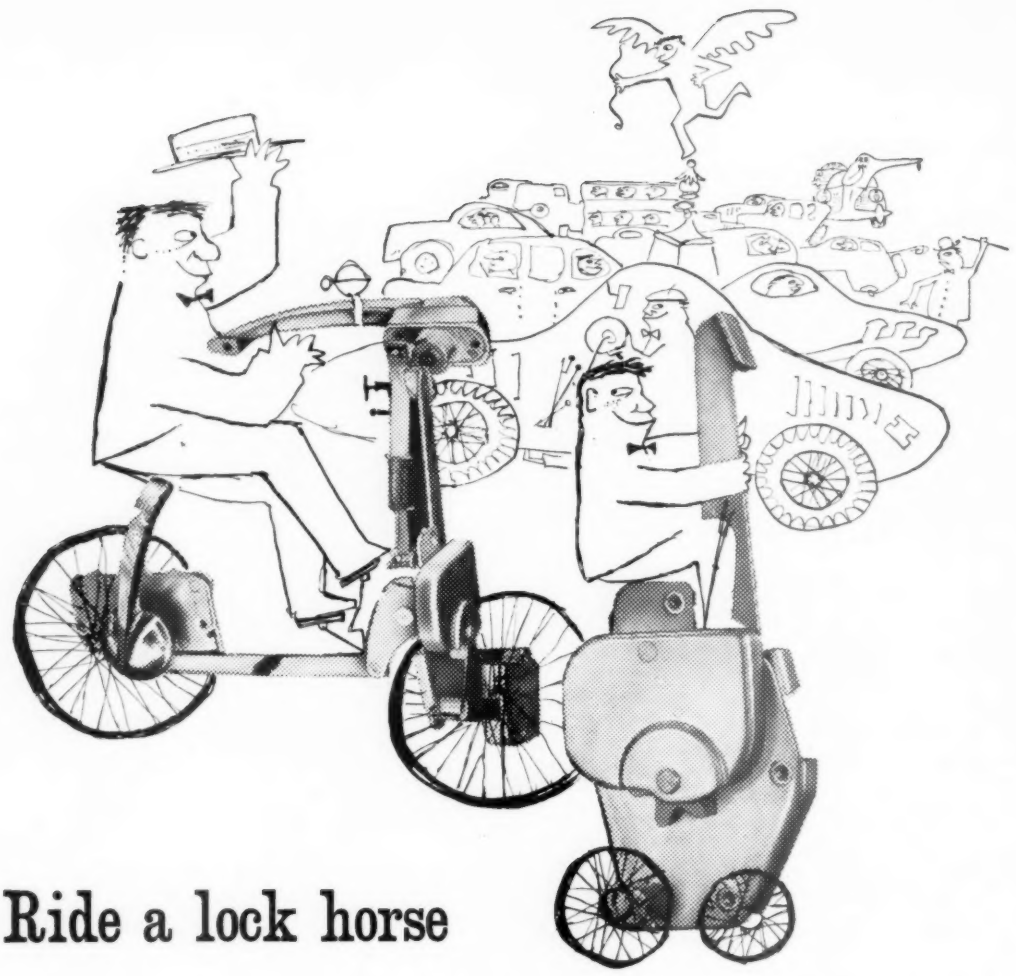
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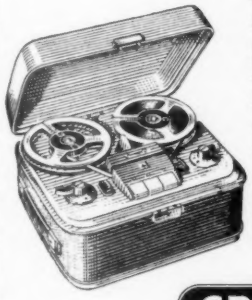
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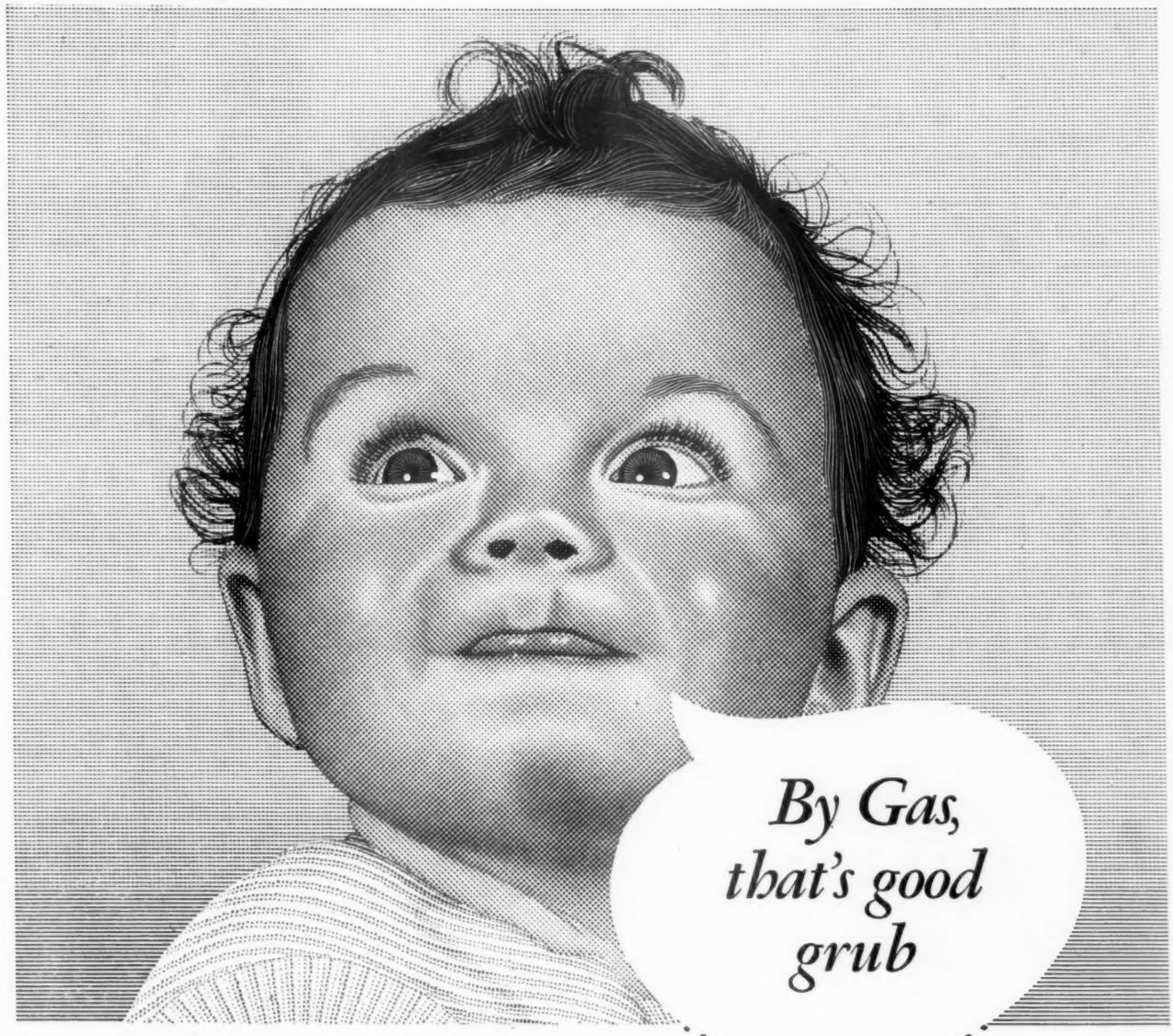
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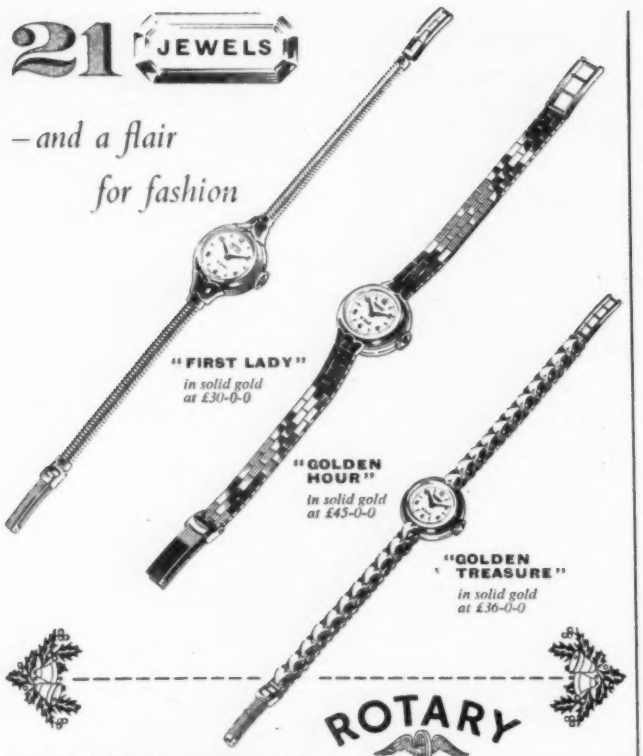
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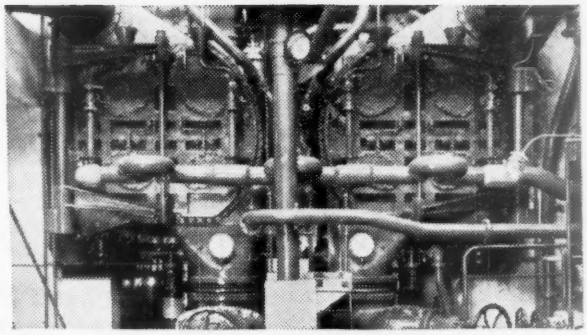
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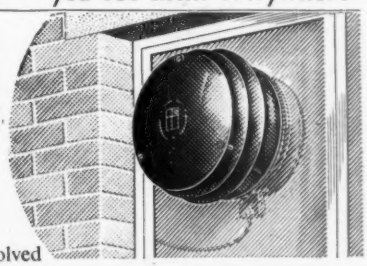


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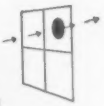
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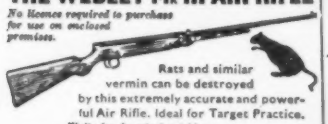
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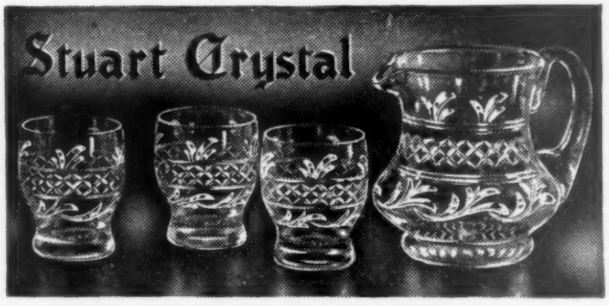
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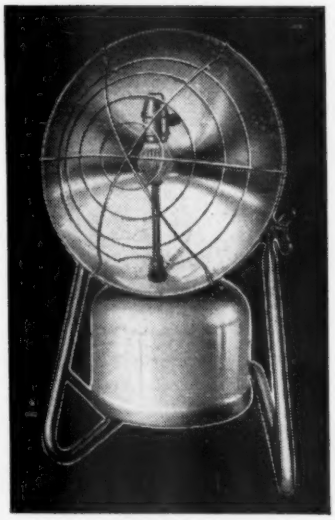
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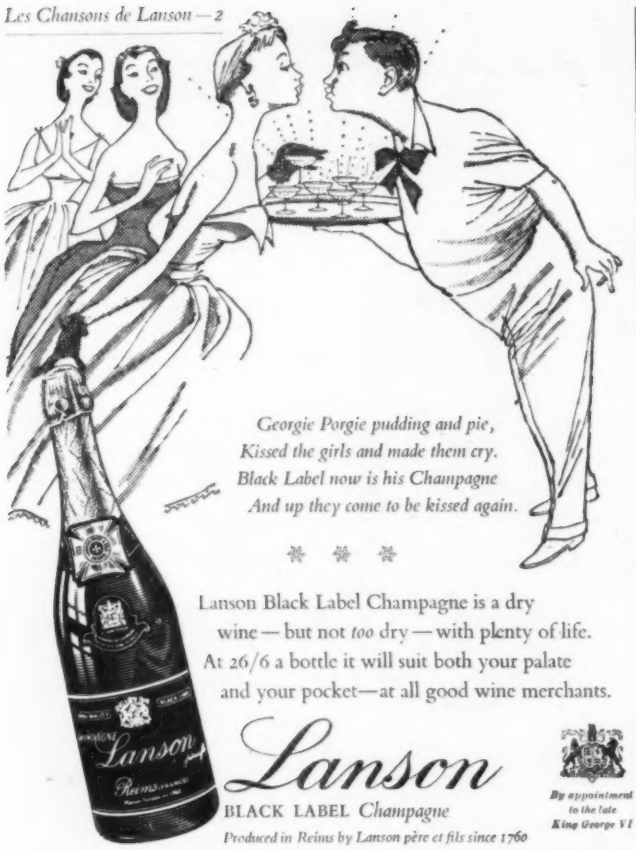
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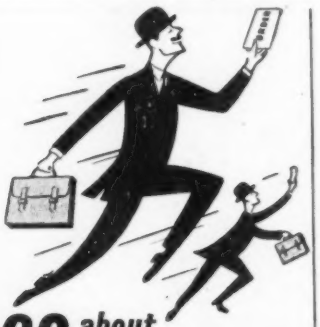
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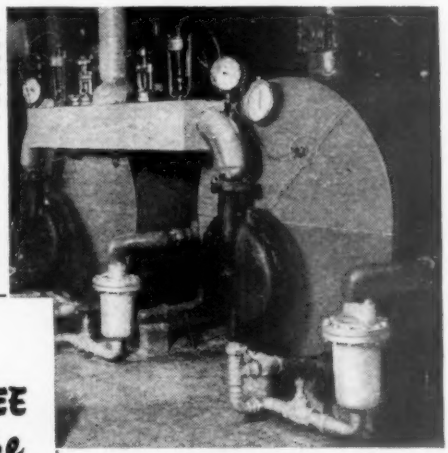
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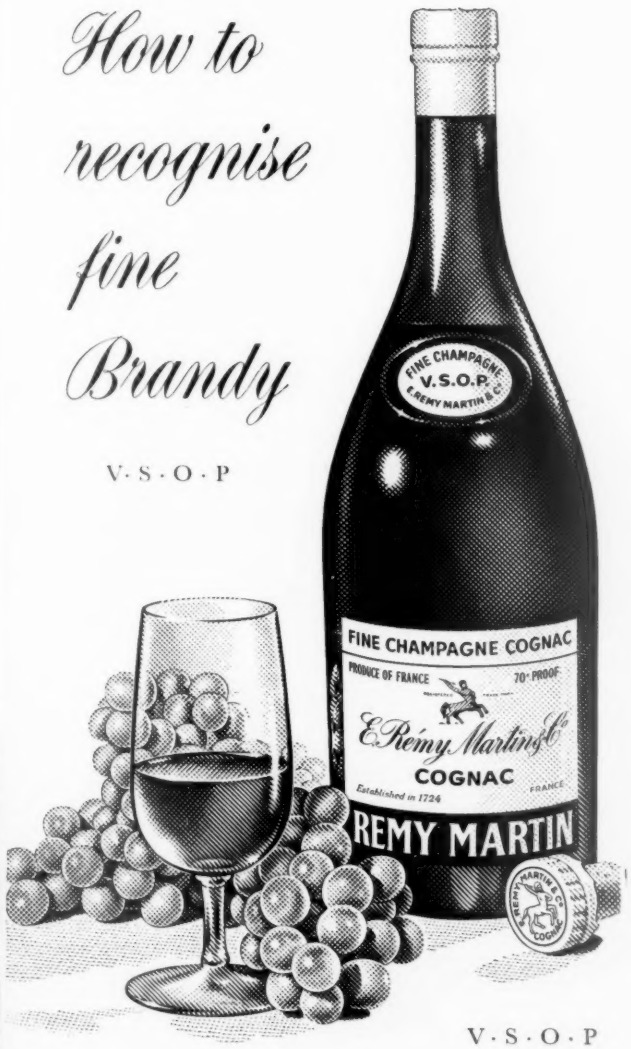
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BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN GIN DISTILLERS TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD

Gordon's Stands Supreme

How to recognise fine Brandy

V·S·O·P

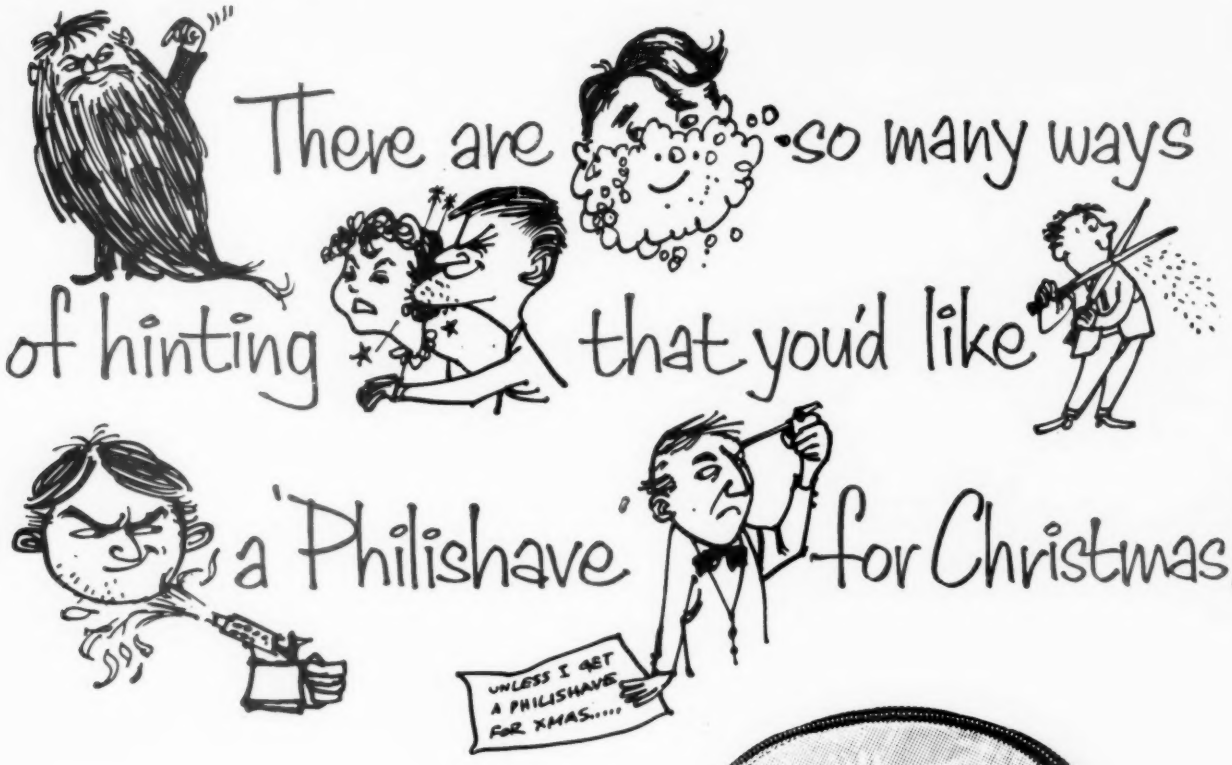


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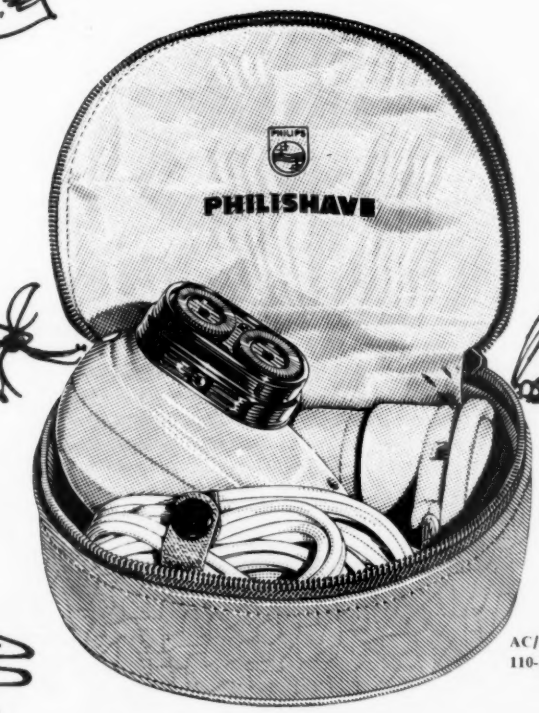
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